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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1896.

SIXPENCE.
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MISS HILDA SPONG AS THE DUCHESS OF COOLGARDIE, AT DRURY LANE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"AN UNHAPPY CRITIC!"

"An unhappy critic!" On the contrary, a very happy one indeed," said Clement Scott, as, looking remarkably well and contented, he gave me a cordial greeting. My arrival had been preceded by that of a certain publication in which, with singular want of foresight, Mr. Scott

had been bitterly assailed. But the assault was too late to make any effect, save that of risibility, upon its object. "I can well afford to laugh at such things now," said Mr. Scott, as he proudly pointed to the issue of the *Daily Telegraph* in which the proprietors of that paper were "pleased to state" that, as a "proof of" their "confidence and of" their "belief in his ability and experience," they had "made such arrangements as will, henceforth, preclude Mr. Scott from writing on theatrical matters in any other columns than those of the *Daily Telegraph*." This announcement will be hailed with pleasure by Mr. Scott's thousands of admirers not in England alone, but in America and Australia, where his criticisms on the drama are more widely read and respected than those of any other London writer. For Mr. Scott will now be able



MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

to concentrate his entire energies upon one paper, greatly to the gain of that journal, though to the loss of the *Illustrated London News* and *Truth*. "My position is thus materially strengthened," he rightly observes, "and a better proof of the value which the *Daily Telegraph* attaches to my services could not possibly be given. Of course, my salary has been materially increased, but what I appreciate most keenly is this open avowal on the part of my proprietors of that implicit confidence in me which has remained unbroken for a quarter of a century. My detractors have done all in their power to injure me, and they have failed. The laugh is all on my side now. After writing dramatic criticisms for thirty-six years, my position is stronger to-day than ever."

Thirty-six years seems, at the first blush, a long time for a man, who is not yet old, to have been engaged in theatrical criticism; but Mr. Scott, who celebrated his fifty-fifth birthday last month, started in journalism when he was very young, and, in the course of his long career, has turned out an immense quantity of writing, not only in criticism, but in plays, poems, and descriptive articles which are often poems in prose. He is one of the most rapid as he is one of the most energetic of writers, and, moreover, he delights in his work. Surrounded by every comfort in his old-fashioned house in one of the quietest of Bloomsbury squares, equipped with his unique and lengthy experience of the stage, and possessed of a large and valuable collection of theatrical books, he is always "armed and well prepared" for the review of any theatrical event, past or present. Thus, with his energy undiminished and his mental faculties at their best, his criticisms in the future should win him additional fame.

"It is a great relief," he says, "to think of only having to write one important criticism instead of three for each new performance. And, then, I shall have so much time for other work. For instance, I have long wanted to write my reminiscences, and now I shall be able to set about the book in real earnest. It will be interesting, if for no other reason than because of the well-known people in the theatrical world with whom it will deal, and, as you know, I have here some thousands of autograph letters which, were I to print a part of them, would fill many volumes. But some extracts will serve my purpose, for I intend to make the book anecdotal as well as instructive. And I propose also to throw some 'side-lights' on the 'footlights' by showing how a dramatic critic can live and succeed despite obstacles with which the general public is not acquainted. And, in this connection, I should like it to be understood that my book will be devoted to the playgoing public, to the thousands of those genuine lovers of the theatre who like authentic chat about their favourites of the stage. As for the rest of my time, if I have any, I shall continue to write and adapt plays, and my new life will, in many respects, resemble my old one. It will still be full of hard work, and I shall be happy in still trying to deserve the confidence of my friends the public. And, as you can judge by this pile of congratulations on my new arrangement with the *Daily Telegraph*, the 'unhappy critic' has a little reason to be proud of his work to-day, and, after his long service to the drama, of its reward."

AUSTIN BRERETON.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

LXV.—THE "LADY," AND MISS RITA SHELL.

Without being luxurious or effeminate in style, there is an air of solid comfort and refinement about the editorial office of the *Lady* which at once leads you to the conclusion that the chief of this flourishing threepenny weekly is a woman. Bright Oriental curtains screen the windows, a handsome Persian carpet looks warm in contrast to the soft-blue walls, an elaborate crimson screen suggests a cosy corner, while one side of the room is given up to a dainty and well-stocked book-case.

Behind a big writing-desk I found the presiding genius, Miss Rita Shell, in whose competent hands the editing of the paper lies, and over the tea-cups she told me something of the history of the paper.

"Do you lay claim to any especial feature in the *Lady*?"

"Well, we take up a very practical side. We aim at helping our readers as much as possible; thus, we devote considerable space to home decoration, household management, cookery, going into each subject very thoroughly. These features in their turn bring in a mass of correspondence. I think few ladies' papers have more queries to answer, and I fancy we are alone in devoting one column to giving legal advice."

"How long has the *Lady* existed?"

"It came into being Feb. 19, 1885, and at first Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, M.P., the proprietor, devoted considerable attention to it; while Mr. Blenkinsop, the present manager, has been connected with it from the first number. In those days its price was sixpence, but for many years past it has been a threepenny weekly."

"Has it always been edited by a lady?" I asked Miss Shell.

"Oh, no; I am the first lady editor. I have held the position since January 1895, though for some months previously I had been assisting my predecessor. At that time I was editing the *Princess*, a penny weekly for ladies, which we also publish. My journalistic career, in fact, commenced with the *Princess*, where I graduated, doing a variety of work there in turn."

"I suppose your staff is largely composed of ladies?"

"Yes, almost entirely, as I believe that a woman knows what another woman is interested in and cares to read. The sub-editor and our principal fashion artist belong to the sterner sex; but our dramatic critic, our home-decoration artist, whose work is much admired, and nearly all the other contributors, are ladies. Downstairs, however, there is a staff of clerks who attend to the advertisements, and, as all the printing and publishing is done on the premises, we have in this way many men in our employ," and Miss Shell showed me a portrait of some fifty compositors and machine-men, taken on the occasion of their annual outing.

"We use Linotype machines," continued the editor; "and there is one other department I have forgotten to mention—that is, for the paper patterns. There, again, among the more expensive ladies' journals, I think, we are practically unique. Our pattern department manageress has a large staff under her, and we send pounds' worth of patterns at one time to Australia, India, and other distant places where the *Lady* has a large circle of readers."

"Prize competitions of various sorts are one of your features, I believe?"

"Yes; we find these very popular, especially in the winter. Our art competitions for oil- and water-colour paintings always receive much attention. Well-executed sketches that come into our possession in this way we send sometimes to charity bazaars to help in the raffles and jumble-stalls, and some of the prize pictures you see before you hanging on the walls. Then we have practical competitions for jam- and sweet-making. We get an enormous number of private advertisements, to turn to another department. We have a column for recommended servants—really recommended, that is to say, by ladies who give us their names and addresses—another, styled 'Change of Air,' advertises private homes, families where one or more boarders are taken. Then there is the employment column and other miscellaneous private advertisements, most of which we consider very helpful to our readers."

"I don't think the *Lady* has ever gone in for anything startling," said Miss Shell reflectively, in answer to one of my questions. "With a large circulation, increasing, not by leaps and bounds, but always going satisfactorily forward, our policy is not to make radical changes, though we are always seeking to still further improve the *Lady*. For our tourist department we send a contributor to all parts of Europe, that she may write of holiday resorts from practical experience. The society notes are the work of many different hands, and it may interest you to know that I have several titled contributors to these columns."

"Do you write anything for the paper yourself?"

"Practically nothing now; but, except when I am away for a holiday, I see every single thing that goes in the paper—in fact, no one item appears to which I have not given personal attention."



MISS RITA SHELL.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

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THE FINE ART SOCIETY.

that their windows stand in the recess of an alcove, so that wayfarers can step out of the traffic and examine the etchings and mezzotints coolly and at leisure. This pillared retreat belongs to The Fine Art Society, a firm now in the twenty-first year of its age, which has just held its one hundred and fiftieth exhibition of pictures. I called there the other afternoon (writes a representative), in obedience to your instructions, and was escorted through the rooms, where beautiful things are as plentiful as blackberries in September, by Mr. Ernest Brown, the Society's very capable manager. Having admired the many prints, curios, and pictures there enshrined, I was taken upstairs to the room of the Director, Mr. Marcus B. Huish, who for many years filled the post of editor of the *Art Journal*, and has long been known as a virtuoso and expert in many branches of Art. He was good enough to spare half an hour from the task of arranging the collection of Lord Leighton's studies and sketches, a recent purchase, to gossip with me about the foundation and history of The Fine Art Society.

Very casual was the inception of the Society. Something over twenty years ago, at a shooting-party, Mr. Huish, who was then at the Bar, ran against an old college friend, the owner of a grievance which was not a grievance. He had purchased Lady Butler's (Miss E. Thompson's) famous picture of "The Roll-Call," had sent it round the country on exhibition at a shilling a-head, and was taking thousands of orders for Mr. Stacpoole's engraving of the picture at a vast number of shillings a copy. So phenomenal was the success of the picture that its exploitation was fast developing into an important and lucrative business, which the owner lacked time to control.

He aired his grievance and explained his difficulty to Mr. Huish, who was then lightening the dulness of special pleadings with freelance criticism anent Picture Galleries and Art Institutions. They discussed the problem, and finally arranged to form a limited company, under the title of The Fine Art Society, to take over "The Roll-Call," with all the arrangements that had already been made with Miss Thompson for succeeding pictures.

What those other pictures were the world well knows—"Quatre Bras," "Balaclava," and "Inkerman," to mention but three. Thousands of pounds were paid for the copyrights, and when they were exhibited people came in their tens of thousands to see and admire. Thus The Fine Art Society had a splendid send-off. But, pleasing as this success looked, it was compounded with an alloy of regret. The little company of connoisseurs who had founded the Society started with the idea of working on rather a higher plane than the buying and selling of popular pictures and the publication of prints that appealed to the million. They wished to cater for the few and the fit. They wanted to deal only in *chefs-d'œuvre* of great masters, over which elderly collectors in bird's-eye neckcloths would go into raptures. Thus their commendable intention; but they soon found that there was very little money in high art. Many beautifully phrased compliments were evoked by the excellence of their exhibitions of Rembrandt's and Méryon's etchings

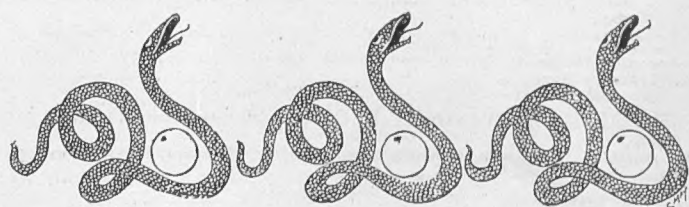
and Turner's water-colours, but it was the immense popularity of Miss Thompson's pictures, and similar enterprises, that paid the dividends and kept the windows plentifully decorated with prints and pictures to please the eye of the man in the street.

Still, The Fine Art Society have never lost sight of that early ideal. They have published pictures of football and cricket matches, shooting, hunting, golf, and other sports; of De Neuville in his most battle, murder, and sudden-death mood; of types of female beauty, and of pictures dealing with the perennial subject of love-making; but they have also issued works which come into the category of Fine Art, as Mr. Whistler's and Sir F. Seymour Haden's etchings, Dürers, Rembrandts, &c., and eighteenth century French engravings, and they have held exhibitions which had no chance of anything but a success of esteem. You rarely see the name of The Fine Art Society as the buyers of a famous and historic picture at Christie's. They leave that branch of the business to others, contenting themselves mainly with one-man exhibitions and the publication of reproductions of taking pictures. Practically, the Society invented the fashion of holding one-man exhibitions, which are usually the record of a year's work in some picturesque district of Great Britain or the Continent, and are generally in water-colours, of which they have acquired, apart from the "Societies," almost a monopoly; but oftentimes these exhibitions have been given a wider range, as in the case of the collected work of Sir John Millais, Mr. Holman Hunt, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the caricaturists, miniaturists, &c. Although less than a dozen can be held in the course of the year, hardly a day passes but offers for exhibitions are received. The method is simple. The painter supplies a number of pictures, and the Society charge a commission on all that are sold.

Lord Leighton always demurred to allow a collected exhibition of his works to be held, although The Fine Art Society have been very successful in the sale of reproductions of his pictures. They achieved one of their greatest *coups* with his "Wedded," and yet it was quite by chance that the reproduction of that picture was made. "Wedded" had been purchased by them for the National Art Gallery of New South Wales, and as Lord Leighton had a particular fondness for the work, he asked The Fine Art Society to buy the copyright, so that a pictorial record of the picture might remain in this country. Over twenty thousand copies of its reproduction have been sold by their *clientèle*, the dealers all the world over. The same artist's more beautiful "Music-Lesson" was a comparative failure compared with "Wedded." It is as difficult for a print-seller to judge what pictures the public will run after as for a publisher to foresee which of his manuscripts will achieve a phenomenal sale. Engravings of love incidents, of sporting pictures humorous and serious, and vivid battle-scenes are considered safe, but the public will rarely subscribe largely for pictures in a minor key. Hardly a proof or print has been sold of Mr. Flameng's etching of Mr. G. F. Watts's beautiful "Death Crowning Innocence," but, on the other hand, Lord Leighton's "The Return of Persephone," a not particularly well-known classical legend, has been very successful.

The twenty-one years of The Fine Art Society's existence has seen the decline of line-engraving, the waxing and waning of etching and photogravure, and the revival of mezzotint, which, at the present moment, is the most popular form of reproduction. This is due to the excellent work produced by the young men who have been trained in the art by Professor Herkomer at Bushey. Photogravure has still its advocates. It is popular among artists, inasmuch that it gives a faithful reproduction of their work without the intervention of an alien hand. A great advantage of photogravure is its comparative cheapness and the rapidity with which the plate can be produced and printed, enabling buyers to receive their proofs in a few months. The engraving of Mr. Poynter's "Atalanta's Race" cost two thousand pounds, and took four years. Mr. Stacpoole was engaged for the same period over Miss Thompson's "Roll-Call."

The vagaries of picture buying and selling are only equalled in interest by the vagaries of buying and selling horses; but, unfortunately, the best of these yarns must not be repeated in print. That was a great time some seasons ago when "Mr. Thomas" suddenly appeared in the auction-rooms with the intention of spending £100,000 in pictures. By chance "Mr. Thomas," who proved to be Mr. Holloway, of pill fame, encountered Mr. Huish, and, had he placed himself in Mr. Huish's hands, which he at one time proposed, the Holloway collection would probably have doubled in value by to-day, as Mr. Holloway was strongly advised to buy pictures by Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney before the present boom in these masters. But Mr. Holloway could not resist the fascination of the auction-room, and when he paid five or six thousand pounds apiece for several of Long's works in one afternoon, Mr. Huish felt that the pleasant task of advising towards the purchase of a distinguished and representative collection could hardly have a successful issue.



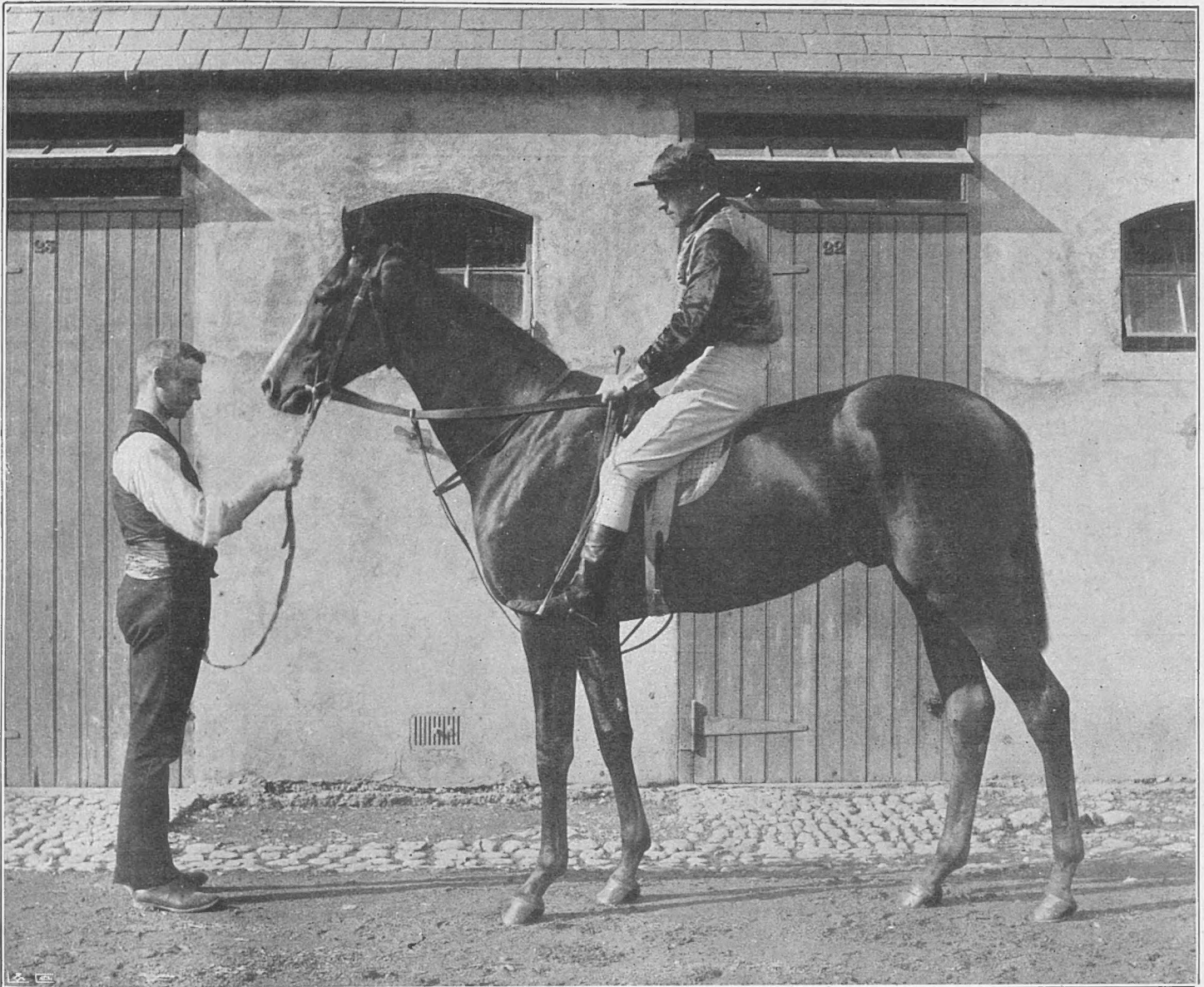
THE REIGN OF "THE MIKADO."

The celebration of the long reigns of monarchs is the note of the moment, and "The Mikado," having ruled at the Savoy for one thousand and thirty-five times, very properly celebrated the event with a gala performance on Saturday evening. Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted; he would have done so at the thousandth performance but for the fact that he was abroad when that auspicious event occurred. The theatre was redolent of Japan. It was draped with soft silks and pale-coloured muslins, such as are associated with the gentle Jap. The seats were festooned with chrysanthemums, and the electric lights were covered with the quaint-fashioned lanterns of the almond-eyed one. The programme was printed on a fan, which everybody got, together with a copy of Miss Kitty Lofting's pretty little Gilbert and Sullivan birthday-book, wherein are printed musical and vocal selections from the famous operas. The audience numbered many celebrities. In the stalls sat Miss Marion Terry, who was popularising Mr. Gilbert as Dorothy in "Dan'l Druce"

his grim, stolid humour. "The Mikado" remains, despite changes in cast, despite many changes in public taste, the most humorous musical work ever penned by an Englishman, the most amusing musical piece now running in town. It has distinction, individuality, and charm which defies all imitation. The audience on Saturday felt this completely, for enthusiasm ran high as Sir Arthur led on Mr. Gilbert, and as the artists passed before the famous cloth of gold.

WINKFIELD'S PRIDE.

The win of Winkfield's Pride in the Cambridgeshire was expected by the followers of Robinson's stable, but not by the public. Mr. J. C. Sullivan, an Irish lawyer, bred Winkfield's Pride. His sire Winkfield, a brother to Morion, used to belong to the Duke of Devonshire, and was known as the Chaplet colt. His sire was Barcaldine. The dam of Winkfield's Pride



WINKFIELD'S PRIDE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

exactly twenty years ago. In a box above Mrs. Pinero sat "The Mighty Atom" and her brother, Mr. Eric Mackay; and in every corner you noticed familiar faces. So you see it was a memorable occasion, even though Mr. D'Oyly Carte himself was too ill to be present.

And it was an occasion well worth keeping, for "The Mikado" is perhaps our only classic comic opera. It is nearly eleven and a-half years since it first took the town by storm, and the present is the fifth time that it has been revived. The charm is unfailing. And it was given to us on Saturday exactly as it was given to the audience that crowded to see it eleven-odd years ago—no new songs, no new dances, only a line here or there changed. What was good enough for 1885 is quite good enough for 1896. That is the Gilbertian position, and its rarity makes it very welcome. The lapse of eleven-odd years has been unable to entirely obliterate the original company, for Miss Jessie Bond and Miss Brandram (who figured in "The Sorcerer" in 1877) were at their posts as of yore, and the new-comers are all good. Mr. Fred Billington, who replaces Mr. Barrington, has been playing Savoy opera for twenty years throughout the country. He is saturated with the Gilbertian method, and his voice is distinctly superior to his predecessor's, although it may take some time for the Londoner to appreciate

is Alimony (a sister to Son o' Mine), by Alibert—Isonomy, so that Wednesday's winner is stoutly bred enough for anything. Winkfield's Pride ran six times in Ireland as a two-year-old, and he won on four occasions. His sensational victory at the Curragh last June is not likely to be forgotten. There were four runners for the Stewards' Plate, namely, Bellevin (10 to 1 on), Winkfield's Pride (10 to 1 against), Irish Girl (33 to 1 against), and L'Argent (33 to 1 against). Mr. Sullivan's colt made all the running, and won very easily by a length and a half from the favourite. It was said at the time that Prince Adolphus of Teck had £10,000 to £1,000 on Bellevin, and subsequent running showed that Bellevin could not give nine pounds to Winkfield's Pride, though, it must be added, the win of Bellevin in the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester recently showed him to be smart. After running badly in the Salford Handicap this year, Winkfield's Pride was sent to Robinson's stable at Foxhill to be trained. He ran nowhere in the Stewards' Cup, and was not seen out again until he competed for the Cambridgeshire, and he followed his success up by taking the Old Cambridgeshire. W. Robinson had the horse as fit as hands could make him, and he was ridden by N. Robinson, the best light-weight jockey in England at the present time.

"MONTE CRISTO," AT THE EMPIRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Edmond Dantès, the creation of Dumas, is by no means a noble character. As a poor sailor he is interesting, as a wealthy parvenu his patronage of Providence and outrageous taste would shock a South African millionaire. Providence or Dumas has denied him a sense of humour; he stalks through the many-paged volume taking himself quite seriously. Yet, on the stage of the Empire the faults of Dantès disappear. He pervades the wonderful drama arranged round the novel, only showing



DANTÈS (MADAME CAVALLAZZI) LANDED ON THE ISLAND.

the best traits of a complex character—affection, perseverance, courage, and mercy. In a word, "Richard Henry" has made a succinct story of Dumas' novel, and to the telling of the story Madame Cavallazzi has brought her splendid gifts. Madame Lanner and Wilhelm have beaten their own brilliant record, while the directors have spared no expense to make the long-anticipated work the talk of English-speaking people all the world over. In "Monte Cristo" ballet attains the highest point of development. There is an unspoken but clearly defined drama, an operatic score for its accompaniment, a scheme of colour, light, and movement that confuses the senses and gives rhythm to tints and colour to sound. Eye and ear are satiated with beauty until there is no power of coherent thought left, and the spectator is conscious of something nearly approaching perfection.

There is no need to deal with the scenario; the story is too well known. It is more pleasant to dwell upon the most delightful details of the performance. The wedding procession of Dantès and Mercedes is the gem of the first tableau, a procession of tiny bridesmaids carrying boughs of orange-trees, and tripping to some of the sweetest music that ever flowed from Wenzel's fluent pen. The second scene, in the cells of the Château d'If, gives Madame Cavallazzi such an opportunity as seldom comes to an actress, and is never more brilliantly taken. Two scenes later, Haydée, in the pretty person of Ada Vincent, strikes a sweet, tremulous note in the great human symphony; and then comes the *divertissement*, a dream of wealth with animated precious stones and metals. Imagine for a moment a luminous vision of rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, chrysoprases, pearls, amethysts, turquoises, and opals, with diamonds to complete the picture. And, when these living jewels move towards the front, strange gleams of electric colour in harmony with their own break into shining flowers above, as though some charm of melody or movement had inspired the very genius of light. Finally, the many jewels move together in long lines of variegated colour to the suggestion of a valse that flatters the ears, and the very apotheosis of *divertissement* is reached in a climax of glowing pearls and radiant diamonds.

The interval of eight minutes offends nobody; it is a relief. The impression has been too vivid to bear further progress without time for reflection. Before any feeling of impatience can arise, the music is

resumed, the curtain rises upon the grounds of Monte Cristo's château, where his guests are dancing in the rich light of early evening; dancing in the glow of sunset under the flowering chestnut-trees, amid the scent and colouring of lilac-blossoms; dancing to the subtle melody of a gavotte with whose strains the plaint of a fountain mingles delightfully. It is a triumph of stage-management. There is a moment of passion and anger when Dantès reveals his identity, a sense of one predominant personality at whose side all others fall to insignificance, and a final touch of something akin to sadness as the Count and his love, a slave no longer, pass through the ranks of the guests and pause for a brief moment in the attitude of benediction on the steps leading to the château. There is all the strength of dignity and unconventionality in this exit, with which the ballet ends.

Madame Malvina Cavallazzi is magnificent. She is a Dantès who never fails to act with heart, brain, and body. I mean no disparagement to the clever people employed at the Empire when I say she outplays them all, for the ballet stage has never seen a better performance than hers. In the end, where the old villainies of Danglars and Fernand are exposed, she is really too good, for the others cannot rise to the height of the achievement. Mdlle. Zanfretta, prettier than most pictures, is admirably bright, but seldom sufficiently tragic, and credit for the other serious parts is due to John Ridley and to Ada Vincent, whose charming restraint is a foil to the passion of Madame Cavallazzi. But it is decreed that ballet shall not live by tragedy alone; there are two solo-dancers, Mesdames Edvige Gantenberg and Gradella, whose work claims recognition and applause. For comic relief there is a *pas-de-trois*, in which clever Will Bishop, Edith Slack, and Florrie Jenkins delight the house from gallery to stalls and could have half-a-dozen encores nightly. Mdlle. Cora is well to the fore in a graceful measure of Spanish character; Elise Clerc, Miss Tree, and Lydia Hill have small but useful parts and delightful dresses; while the talent of that admirable young pantomimist May Paston is entirely wasted. M. Wenzel is back in his old place, with talent undiminished and energies unimpaired. His music, for adequate description, would require more space than can be allotted to the entire ballet; it is like a grand opera score, and no movement on the stage is without its accompaniment in the orchestra. Needless to say, the dressing and mounting are beyond expression of casual praise, while the electric lighting, for which Mr. Fanta is



DANGLARS (MR. RIDLEY) PLOTTING WITH FERNAND (MISS COURTLAND).

responsible, is at once novel and daring beyond anything that London has seen. In plain fact, "Monte Cristo" reaches the highest point the Empire, with its unbroken list of successes, has yet achieved; it marks all that perfect taste, extraordinary talent, and unlimited expenditure can accomplish. Empire ballets are rare and wonderful productions.—S. L. B.

"MONTE CRISTO," AT THE EMPIRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



GUARDIAN SPIRIT OF THE TREASURE (MDLLE. GRADELLA).



HAYDÉE (MISS ADA VINCENT).



M. DE VILLEFORT, THE MAGISTRATE (MR. ROCKLIFFE).



M. BEAUCHAMP AS A SOCIETY JOURNALIST (MR. WILL BISHOP).

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

The November Guy comes and goes again without any special infusion in our theological bitters. I have heard, indeed, that its proper address is the Chinese Embassy, No. 49, Portland Place; and if it had been decoyed there by the wily Ah Sin, thrust into the deepest dungeon below the kitchen stairs, and then deported to China, I should have heard the news with placid contentment. To reasonable citizens, with small boys on their premises, the Fifth of November has no significance except as the occasion for a special ebullition of juvenile spirits; it has lost its theological rancour, and is no longer celebrated as a day of thanksgiving for the deliverance of this kingdom from Popery. There are however, a great many citizens who, in such matters, are by no means reasonable; and they have probably learned with indignation that a Jesuit has had the hardihood to publish a book on the subject of Gunpowder Treason. Father Gerard thinks that the historical narrative, hitherto accepted, is very incoherent and exceeding dubious; he pooh-poohs the notion that the Plot was discovered because a certain peer received a letter warning him to stay away from the Parliament Houses; in short, Father Gerard suggests, with very good reason, that the Government were familiar with the proceedings of Guy Faux; at any rate, it is a severe strain on our credulity to believe that a number of persons could hire a dwelling and dig in the basement for two months, and could then transport four tons of gunpowder to a room, not a cellar, under the Houses of Parliament, without exciting the smallest suspicion.

It is plain that Cecil, who could not abide toleration, was eager to make the whole body of Roman Catholics responsible for the hare-brained ferocity of a few; and it is equally plain from the evidence that Garnet and Greenway, the Jesuits who were executed, had nothing to do with the insane conspiracy of Catesby. What remains mysterious is the extraordinary care taken by the Government to foist upon the public a story which does not bear examination. Father Gerard holds that Cecil knew all about the Plot, and he goes so far as to accuse him of having instigated it. I suppose this has been said of pretty nearly every abortive treason since the business of governing began. After the explosion of Vaillant's bomb in the French Chamber, I called on a very clever woman in Paris, who gravely assured me that Vaillant was in the pay of the Government. I ventured to object, first, that the dynamiter had lost his head, which could not have been part of the bargain, and next, that the President of the Chamber, who was supposed to have been in the secret, might have been killed by a missile which, as a matter of fact, injured several deputies. My informant graciously waved these objections aside. "Ah," said she, "you English are so innocent; you think, because your own Government is honest, that all others are like it. I assure you that every Anarchist plot in Paris is the work of the Ministers!" Well, if Father Gerard be right, this extravagant recitade in our English statesmen is, in at least one instance, slightly impaired.

The case against Cecil is rather black, even if you do not go as far as the latest indictment. The circumstances point to a considerable inkling in his mind as to what was going on. The warning letter to Monteagle looks very like a rather clumsy device to mask the information Cecil had received from one of the conspirators. Moreover, the letter served the useful purpose of making it appear that King James, a conceited ass, had miraculously divined the whereabouts of thirty barrels of gunpowder. The policy of all this enabled Cecil to throw the net of retaliation over the whole Roman Catholic community, and brand them with a stigma which has come down to our own times. A notable stroke of statecraft, no doubt, from the point of view of a man who dreaded toleration as the greatest danger to the kingdom; and yet, in a moral sense, it comes near surpassing, in pure atrocity, the monstrous project of Catesby. If you weigh the devilry of proposing to blow up King, Lords, and Commons, not to mention some trifling items of peaceable and adjacent families, against the devilry of starting a persecution which lasted more than two centuries and inflicted untold suffering on innocent generations, you may find it rather difficult to strike the balance. The crimes of statecraft are always justified on the ground of patriotic motive; but, when you get into the region of motive, political criminals are pretty much alike. Marat was sincerely convinced that France could not be saved unless the heads of aristocrats fell like leaves in autumn; and I have no doubt that Guido Faux had a strong conviction of the saving grace of gunpowder.

The habit of toleration rests upon the courageous use of the reasoning faculty, even at the expense of one's pastors and masters. For lack of this spirit Mr. Kegan Paul comes to signal grief in his defence of the Papal attitude towards Freemasonry. In *Cornhill* Mr. Kegan Paul says he absolutely believes that "English Masonry, apart from the condemnation of the Holy See, is innocent." That is not a very notable concession, for, as every rational person knows, Masonry in this country is mainly a form of charitable organisation, enlivened by dinners. But Mr. Kegan Paul also believes that "the Popes are the discerners of spirits," and he holds that "Freemasonry has been recognised by them as the work of the evil one"; so a good fellowship which, as his own observation teaches him, is blameless, he is forced to regard as devilish, because that is the opinion of theological ignorance at Rome. I heard the other day of a very determined citizen who wrote to a theatrical manager on the subject of pointed shoes. "I hear you have produced a play," he said, "in which the pointed shoe is offered to the public, in defiance of all sound laws of bodily health. Don't you know that such shoes are ruining the country? If Wellington's men had worn rational shoes at Waterloo, he would not have needed the help of the Prussians. If you had any sense of responsibility, you would not set such a shocking example to a generation that is rushing into national decrepitude!" To this "discerner of spirits" the devil is evidently in the pointed shoe.

I gather from some wild and whirling hand-bills that he is also in the free library. One of these inspiring documents assures me that the Free Libraries Act is contrary to the Eighth Commandment, because it encourages dishonest persons to steal books instead of paying for them. Here be "discerners of spirits" i' faith! In the days of my youth I resorted to a free library without any sense of sin. When I reluctantly restored to the custodian a beloved volume of Bulwer Lytton, I did not feel that my hand had been making free in some highly respectable ratepayer's pocket. Perhaps this only shows how free libraries numb the conscience. I presume that free education has the same effect, and that numbers of urchins are annually handed over by that lamentable system to Mr. Kegan Paul's "evil one." Certainly, I remember that my Bulwer Lytton had been much thumbed by preceding students, and that it had an odour, possibly distilled in hell. It may be that from this early contamination has sprung all my subsequent misdoing, including a wicked dissent from the Kegan Pauline philosophy.

A writer in the *Times* lately suggested that the spread of free libraries might impair our personal interest in the possession of books. When every man can sit down in a public room, and study his favourite authors at the public charge, he will be indisposed to see them ranged on his own shelves. This argument, which is not very lucid, is supposed to indicate the paralysing effect of Socialism on the individual character. When we are all Socialists, each with a bundle of State tickets for his meals, and another bundle for his bedding, and a third for his shaving-water, we shall be cured of any desire for the possession of anything that cannot be consumed as food or drink. The book-collector, it is surmised, will not exist under this régime; the whole appetite for books as personal property will be extinguished; a first folio will be calmly handled by a connoisseur in a municipal reading-room without the slightest sense of covetousness. All the selfish needs we now cherish will be superseded by supreme loyalty to the commonweal. As nobody will dream of privately amassing books or any other articles, the precise position of the Eighth Commandment under such a dispensation must be a matter of painful conjecture to the authors of hand-bills.

This relation between Socialism and libraries interests me like any other philosophical puzzle; for instance, like the conflict between Mrs. Grundy's canons of virtuous behaviour and the manners of the most respectable people in a bygone generation. I find in the *Jerningham Letters* that the most scrupulous mothers were in the habit of writing to their daughters, aged fourteen, that various ladies of their acquaintance were "with child." A certain Lady Maria Scott, who was present at the Prince Regent's wedding, writes to a young friend at a convent school that the jokes on that occasion were unseemly. She specifies one of them in terms which I should blush to set down, though my disposition is by no means conventual. Have we radically reformed our morals since then, or is our Grundyism only an evasion?

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

"MONTE CRISTO," AT THE EMPIRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE SERGEANT (MR. WILL BISHOP), AND BABETTE AND JAVOTTE.



MONTE CRISTO'S GUESTS.



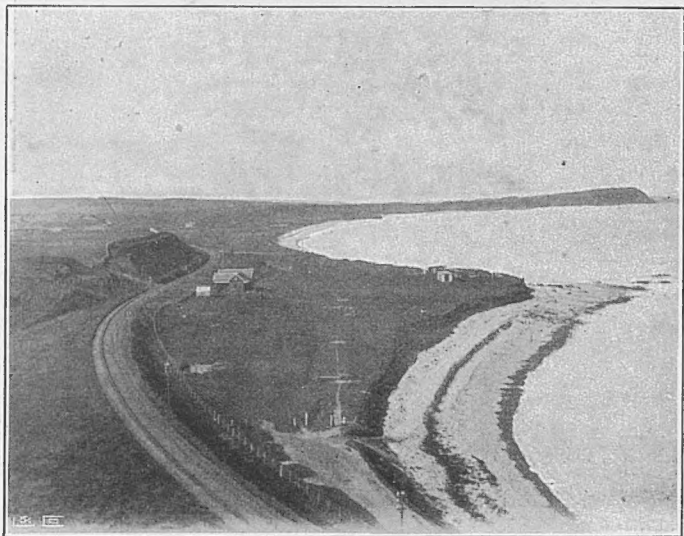
MARKET-GIRLS.



MUSICIANS.

SMALL TALK.

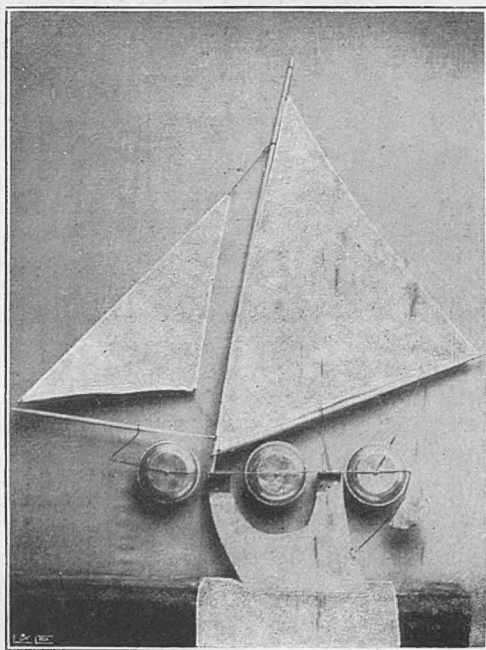
It is not generally known that the Duke of Fife takes a spell of the seaside in Scotland every year. I fancy the ordinary idea is that when his Grace goes North he does nothing but stalk deer. Of course, that isn't so. He begins his northern visit with a stay at Duff House, whence he goes to Mar Lodge. The former mansion is a large, substantial



WHERE THE DUKE OF FIFE SEASIDES.

building, and stands on Deveron-side, close to the town of Banff. It contains a capital collection of pictures. The Duke and Duchess find it rather dull. There is no society for them in the neighbourhood such as they get on Upper Deeside. The county people who call are expected only to write their names in the visitors' book. I suppose the Duke pays his annual visit rather as a matter of duty than of pleasure, Duff House being the headquarters of his property. He gives the school-children of the district an annual treat in the grounds, and, of course, all are pleased to see the Prince of Wales's daughter in their midst. Her Royal Highness when at Banff cycles and rides and paints roses. Sometimes she drives down with the Duke and the children to the public links, where they lounge on the beach and "chuck" pebbles into the sea. Banff is a bonnie Scotch place, but not romantic, and I suppose the Duke is far from sorry when he takes his seat in the special train by which he travels to Ballater on the way to Mar Lodge.

Cowes is crowded at present with yachting craft bound for the Mediterranean, so that the Sunny South is likely to be very lively this season. There are, for instance, the Duke of Sutherland's *Catania*, Lord Iveagh's *Cetonia* (how confusing yacht-christeners are!), the Duke of Montrose's *Fedora*, Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's *Rona*, and Baron Edward's *La Flèche*, the two last being quite newcomers. If, however, you don't care about the sea, or, caring about it, lack the lucre that a yacht demands, you can spin across to the Riviera to-morrow and every Thursday by the International Sleeping Car Company's winter service of trains *de luxe*. The Calais - Mediterranean Express, run in connection with the nine a.m. train from Charing Cross and Victoria, does not touch Paris. There will also be four other daily services to the Riviera. The Nord Express to Berlin and St. Petersburg direct will run every Saturday. The Peninsular Express runs every Friday to Brindisi for Egypt and the East. The Sud Express runs on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays to Biarritz, &c., and will continue on to Madrid every Monday and Friday, and on to Lisbon every Wednesday and Saturday. The Ostend-Trieste Express runs every Monday, connecting at Trieste with the steamers of the Austrian-Lloyd from that port to



A MODEL YACHT.

Photo by Miletic, Dubrovnik.

Alexandria. The Orient Express runs daily to Vienna, and will continue on to Constantinople on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays. All places in these trains must be secured in advance at the company's offices in Cockspur Street. I hear, by the way, that an enterprising London daily is going to send a man specially to represent it in the Riviera this season.

Speaking of yachts, I have reproduced a photograph of a new model yacht, the invention of Herr Givovii, who is a member of the Cardiff Model Yacht Club, though at this moment he is on military service in Dalmatia. It consists of three hollow tin wheels varying in size. The one at the bow is 4 in. broad by 7 in. diameter; the middle one is 3½ in. by 7 in. diameter, and the stern one is 3 in. by 7 in. diameter. Hanging on the axis of each wheel there is a weight which serves as ballast. The frame is made of brass wire, to which a fin is attached. The yacht is said to be a very fast boat. But, then, most yachts, in the popular imagination, are very "fast" indeed.

This evening, Mr. A. E. Fletcher, formerly the Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, delivers the second lecture of the Wednesday Evening series at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., inaugurated the course last week with a history of the Queen's reign, and among those engaged for future Wednesday evenings are Sir Robert Ball, Captain Abney, Professor Sylvanus Thompson, Mr. Beaumont, and Mr. George Howell. Wulff's Circus will be the Christmas attraction at Sydenham, and at the end of February the Saturday Concerts will be resumed for a month on the old familiar lines, after which they will, I fear, be remodelled. So far as I have been able to judge—and I seldom or never miss one of these concerts—the attendance has been unusually good; Sarasate filled the place to the last limits of standing-room, and Eugen d'Albert drew a good house. I trust the directors will leave no possibility unconsidered before they decide to make the Saturday Afternoon Concerts "popular." For next year there will be a Victorian Exhibition on a very large scale at the Crystal Palace; there will be fêtes on a scale only possible at Sydenham, a big Loan Collection, and a series of lectures that will explain everything. The Exhibition itself will be in five sections, (a) Famous Inventions, (b) Naval and Military, (c) Fine Art, (d) Sports and Pastimes, (e) Colonics and Dependencies. This scheme is worthy of the Palace, which was in itself the outcome of the Great Exhibition of 1851.



THE NEW FOUNTAIN IN HYDE PARK.

Photo by Monger, Chancery Lane.

Here is a picture of the fountain which Mr. William R. Colton has finished for Hyde

Park, close to the Serpentine. It has been done to the order of her Majesty's First Commissioner of Works. It was opened within a few hours of the Queen's reign becoming the longest on record, and thus will possess an exceptional interest.

Our lately be-laurelled Trafalgar Square, with its column and its fountains, seems to have been a subject for mirth almost from the first. Glancing over a Comic Almanack of 1846, I find the following, neatly illustrated—

THE TRAFALGAR FOUNTAINS.

These popular ornaments, whose capabilities for jokes have nearly been exhausted, are about to receive a new interest from the application of an old philosophical fact. It is well known that a jet of water will support any hollow conical body as long as it plays; it is therefore in contemplation to place an Albert hat on the top of each fountain, which will be kept at a certain elevation, and form an appropriate accompanying trophy to the Nelson Column; the two portraying the United Services.

The "Albert hat," which sits jauntily at the apex of the fountain in this illustration of just half a century ago, is an ugly-looking shako with a white band, and a large white cross on one side. I suppose it was called the "Albert" in compliment to the late Prince Consort, but whether it was an adornment worn by the Prince himself or designed by him, I am unable to find out. It was evidently a joke of the period, even as the fountains and the column were. The writer of the little notice, probably Horace Mayhew, was wrong, however, in supposing that the capability of the fountains as a vehicle for jokes was nearly exhausted at the time he wrote. They have been a fruitful source of joking ever since their erection, and will doubtless remain so as long as they exist in their present form.

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Things are managed in a very free-and-easy manner in Siam (writes a correspondent). Even in matters military attempts to enforce strict European discipline have failed. In the provinces especially there is quite a pleasant spirit of accommodation between the officers and men, and they are sensible enough to sacrifice appearance to comfort on every occasion. The two illustrations on this page are proof of this. A small company of Siamese marines were sent inland to capture a band



SIAMESE MARINES ON PARADE.

of robbers that had been committing depredations on the concession of an English mining company, not far from the town of Chantibun, at present held by the French. The first illustration shows them in dress order, as they presented themselves on the verandah of the mining manager's bungalow to receive orders and some slight European refreshment to invigorate them in their enterprise. As they were leaving the village, some half-hour afterwards, I obtained a photograph of the company in marching order, from which the second illustration is taken. Their uniform, of thin calico, is now made up in a small parcel and tucked away under their *panongs*, the slight petticoat garment that constitutes their full-dress when on the march. The change may shock the military sense of order, but if "Tommy Atkins" had to face a march of twenty miles with the thermometer standing at 92 deg. in the shade, he might almost envy Siamese "Tommy" in his *panong*. The Siamese soldier does not spoil for a fight with Europeans, but merely to mention Chinamen to him is like calling "rats" to a keen fox-terrier.

There can be no doubt about it. We are having a boom in patriotism (Jingoism à la the Little Englander). The reception of Mr. Draper at the Imperial Institute the other night proved that in a very striking if ungentlemanly manner. Africa, indeed, has roused the British lion like little else—witness the Kaiser-Krüger incident. And the patriotic heart is meant to be kept beating fast by the new South African League, of which Dr. Darley Hartley is president. In a recent speech at Johannesburg, he said that Cape Colony alone has given the League six thousand members, and it is bent on increasing its numbers. He maintains that good government is a matter of common concern to all in South Africa. A man in Natal, Cape Colony, the Transvaal, or Free State, cannot properly say to himself, "I have no concern with good government outside my own State." If South Africa is ever to be united commercially, legally, or, as the *Ultima Thule*, under the same flag, there must be a definite amount of intercommunity of sentiment between the various units of its life. He told the Johannesburgers—

We have no well-defined natural boundaries; all our States are separated by more or less arbitrary lines, with streams of commerce running from one to another, a constant interchange of population, a railway system almost common to all; and that being so, it is manifestly impossible to separate the responsibility of the States of South Africa in the same manner as you would separate England from America and America from France; and we must bear that in mind very clearly indeed. We merely ask for good government on certain principles acknowledged to be right and just and true throughout the civilised world. And although the units of the world differentiate in detail, there are certain broad principles of government which are recognised as the axioms of political science by all enlightened peoples.

The objects of the League are going to be worked out on two primary principles. It affirms its resolve to support the existing supremacy of Great Britain in South Africa—please notice the word "existing"—and binds itself to oppose any attempts that may be made to weaken or destroy that supremacy. The other great principle is this, that the League holds it to be an essential principle of good government that all inhabitants of any State, unconvicted of crime, shall have an equal right to political and civil privileges, without regard to race, birthplace, or religious belief; subject only to such conditions as education, or ownership or occupation of property. That lays down the broad "Republican" principle in its true sense.

You will get some idea of the rapid progress of civilisation in Johannesburg from the fact that the latest newspaper venture there is a ladies' journal. *Mademoiselle* describes itself as a "smart paper for smart women." It is a monthly, issued at sixpence, and is about the same size as *The Sketch*, though it does not contain so many pages.

We have, as a people, been great borrowers in the matter of vocabulary, but I do not think we have ever annexed a national characteristic of another people, with its entire paraphernalia, in the way the Germans have taken to sport of every kind, although it is but right that the "Made in Germany" craze should be balanced by the "Made in England" cry. The sport fad in the Fatherland is upheld most vigorously, perhaps, by a thirty-five pfennige illustrated weekly, called *Sport im Bild*. It might be an English paper translated into German—nothing more, nothing less; and I turn to it weekly, with unfailing interest, to see in it reports of racing, golf, rowing, and other sports. For example, they speak of 600 yards "rekord," having, apparently, been unable to transform our word into one of their monstrous compounds. Among the other borrowed words are "jockey," "baseball," "gentleman-rider," "meetings," "clubs," "handicap," "scratch-man," and so on, so that, while the political attitude of the *Deutscher* for the nonce is—to put it mildly—a little stand-off, Young Germany is learning all it can of athletic English.

What is known to the Jewish Community as the Great East-End Problem is at the moment in a very interesting state. The Russian and Polish refugees form the problem, and for many years a great scheme was in course of formation for its solution. One section of the community thought that the refugees required an institution on the lines of Toynbee Hall, wherein they might have a synagogue, a club, a soup-kitchen, a dispensary, and classes of all descriptions. To this idea there was a keen opposition from some, who feared that these advantages would tend still further to the centralisation of the refugees, and make the struggle for life harder than ever. The conflicting forces have brought about a condition of armed neutrality; and now a small but very powerful third party has made its appearance. The party is composed of wealthy South Africans, who, being independent of everybody, are about to make a spirited effort to bring about a better state of things. For the past few weeks they have been ventilating their opinions, and, if my information be accurate, November will see some startling developments.



THE SAME MARINES HALF AN HOUR LATER, READY TO MARCH.

A very charming and interesting "Book of Beauty" has just been issued by Messrs. Hutchinson. Within its pages the lucky possessor will find the faces of some of the loveliest women of the late Victorian era, in a setting of literary gems from writers including many of the ablest of modern scribes. This production, which may fairly claim a



permanent interest among book-collectors, has been produced on a truly lavish scale, and the quality of everything that goes to the making of enduring work is of the best possible description. There are photogravures of the best achievements of leading portrait-painters, including all the men who are before the public; the other contributions are literary, musical, and artistic, and the book has been very ably compiled and edited by Mrs. F. Harcourt Williamson. That the work must have given an infinity of thought and anxiety to all concerned is beyond the possibility of doubt; that, in its completed form, it is worth all the trouble is a fact to be recorded. The entire ordinary edition of five hundred copies has been subscribed for, and of the one hundred copies that form the *édition de luxe* only a few remain

unsold. It seems more than likely that this admirable record of contemporary beauty will become very valuable.

What is there so fascinating about yellow? The *Yellow Book* has been followed by the *Yellow Fellow*, an American cycling weekly, and the *New York Journal* are issuing a coloured eight-page humorous supplement on Sundays. The heroine of it is called "The Yellow Kid," just as "Punch" or "Judy" are the head-pieces of our own comics.

Speaking of kids, I wonder if the American poetess who sang as follows had Hawarden in her mind?—

"I'm sick of 'mustn'ts,'" said Dorothy D.;
 "Sick of 'mustn'ts' as I can be.
 From early morn till the close of day
 I hear a 'mustn't' and never a 'may.'
 It's 'You mustn't lie there like a sleepy head,'
 And, 'You mustn't sit up when it's time for bed';
 'You mustn't cry when I comb your curls';
 'You mustn't play with those noisy girls';
 'You mustn't be silent when spoken to';
 'You mustn't chatter as parrots do';
 'You mustn't be pert and you mustn't be proud';
 'You mustn't giggle or laugh aloud';
 'You mustn't rumple your nice clean dress';
 'You mustn't nod in place of a yes.'"

As I watched the pretty little child-dancers in "Monte Cristo" at the Empire last week, my thoughts strayed to the photograph that had been sent me all the way from Calcutta that day, and which I have placed on the opposite page. And my Muse—I like the fine old word—meandered into this form as I dreamt of the little lady—

You rave of Taglioni's art,
 Or gay Otero's luscious dance,
 Or Katie Seymour; or, perchance,
 To Jessie Bond you've lost your heart?
 To two or three you half incline
 'To grant the glove!
 Or does your mantelshelf enshrine
 Miss Mabel Love?

Yet wherefore should you pick and choose?
 For one would always strive to be
 'To each and all a devotee—
 For each and all 'twere hard to lose;
 And so I bring a rival fay
 From farthest Ind—
 She never heard, I'm bound to say,
 Of Letty Lind.

Her name has never yet been billed,
 And yet methinks her twinkling feet
 Have made her little circle beat,
 And half a hundred lovers thrilled.
 The gaping gallery never sees
 Her in burlesque;
 You could not buy her charm, though she's
 So picturesque.

She knows not of the lurid lime,
 The footlight or the batten's glare,
 Nor how the shirted stallites stare
 Through glasses at the tinselled mime.
 Her stage is but the nursery floor,
 And all her tricks
 Are childish; for Miss Pinafore
 Is only six.

The extraordinary spectacle of a "star" danseuse performing a leading part in a ballet clad in deep mourning was witnessed at Piacenza a short time ago. The *ballerina*, named Ferrero, in spite of the recent

death of her brother, came down to the theatre, in order not to disappoint the management, and took part in the first portion of the performance dressed entirely in white, save for a large black bow on her corsage. During the interval she changed this attire for one of black with sombreness quite unrelieved, and her appearance in the trappings and the suits of woe was, it seems, greeted most sympathetically by the impressionable spectators. The transformation from white to black is rather too theatrical for my taste, and it seems to me that Signorina Ferrero, if she appeared that evening at all, should have come on dressed in mourning at once.

I am one of those who feel convinced that the great opponent of the New Woman—I use the stupid phrase for the sake of brevity—is not man, is not even the old-fashioned woman, but the New Woman herself; that is to say, she aims at a masculine idea, but inevitably breaks down in the methods by which the man attains that. But while this is true as a general rule, I think she is checked in many directions by others than herself. Take the question of cycling. I can well understand that, as a lady of my acquaintance told me, petticoats are a distinct encumbrance—nay, a positive danger—to the wheelwoman. But how many women have the pluck to adopt the man's way of solving the cycling difficulty—trousers, to wit? The other afternoon I saw a charming girl cycling along the Strand in knickers. She might have been a dodo come to life, for everybody in the street turned to stare at her. Now, few women care to face such an inquisition. The old-fashioned "bloomer" was ugly in the extreme, but the knickerbockers of to-day look quite smart. And yet I ask myself—

Will women be ever consumers
 Of baggy and bountiful "bloomers,"
 Or practise the tricks
 Of the cycle in knicks,
 Defiant of gossip and rumours?

I gravely doubt it. Frenchwomen, of course, do it; but I cannot help thinking that they are the very last who should have done so, for the Frenchwoman's figure is markedly more feminine—and, therefore, in masculine attire, more conspicuous and, shall I say, more ugly?—than the Englishwoman's.

While on this subject, I may refer to actresses who figure in boys' clothes—a fashion that is, happily, on the wane. Quite the best boy I have ever seen is Miss May Yohe, her voice, of course, adding to the illusion. In "The Belle of Cairo," for example, a stranger who did not know otherwise would very readily take her to be of the masculine gender. The ordinary woman in boy's clothes always breaks down the moment she walks. Miss Yohe doesn't. She practises some very clever little tricks to avoid that. Just watch her closely next time you see her, and you will be able perhaps to spot her methods of aping masculinity. One of these is the curious little jerk with which she straightens out her knee-cap and imitates a strut.

By the way, Mr. John Peachey, who is Captain Sir Gilbert Fane, Bart., in "The Belle of Cairo," has had a stage career of some distinction. A few months ago he was touring as Rudolph Blair in "An Artist's Model," and prior to that he spent some years in America, playing the title rôle in Reginald de Koven's successful opera "Robin Hood," and also appearing as Columbus in the enormously popular extravaganza called "1492."



THE "BLOOMER"—THEN AND NOW.

Like other vocalists of note, Mr. Peachey has sung both baritone and tenor parts, as, for instance, in "La Cigale." It was as understudy to Mr. Hayden Coffin, in "Dorothy," that he really started his professional work, and both in London and in the provinces he appeared as Harry Sherwood very often indeed. Henceforth I hope Mr. Peachey will remain in town.



THE PREMIERE DANSEUSE.

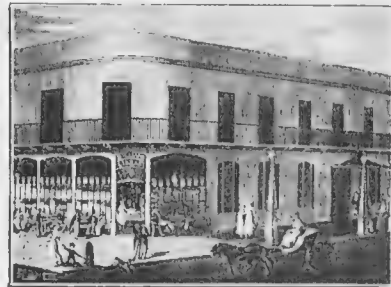
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOURNE AND SHEPHERD, CALCUTTA.

For the moment every member of the Orléans family has agreed to sink small differences in order to do honour to their chief, the graceless but ever-popular Philippe d'Orléans, who may yet live to hear himself styled King of France and of Navarre. The Duke of Orléans' engagement to an Austrian Archduchess took even his most intimate supporters by surprise, but it became, from the day it was publicly announced, very popular. Marie Antoinette has become a legendary figure credited with every virtue, and thousands of Republican Frenchmen are to her faults a little blind and to her virtues very kind. Hence the marriage of the Comte de Chambord's heir to an Austrian Princess is hailed with pleasure. The Archduchess Maria Dorothea—or "Maritza," as she is called among her own people—is two years older than her royal bridegroom, and, in addition to the usual list of accomplishments (which includes, in her case, some knowledge of nine languages), the young Duchess of Orléans really knows more about the condition of the working classes than do most royal damsels, however anxious they may be to learn "how the other half lives." When she was in England, a guest at the wedding of the Princess Hélène of Orléans, the Archduchess paid an incognito call at Tynbee Hall, and there is no doubt that in her the late Comte de Paris would indeed have found a daughter-in-law after his own heart.

The Duke of Orléans is now showing some of the shrewd sense characteristic of his family, and his marriage will probably go far to wipe out his youthful escapades and follies, which at one time threatened to destroy his prestige even among the most loyal Legitimists. The Archduchess seems quite willing to do all that lies in her power to put new life into her husband's cause; already she has made herself acquainted with the more prominent members of the party, and it is said that she means to avail herself freely of the curious state of the present French law, which allows a possible Pretender's wife, though not himself, to reside in France. The new Duchess of Orléans' dowry—1,200,000 francs—will, by her own express wish, be added to the party funds, and the royal couple will live on the interest of the very ample fortune left by the Comte de Paris to his eldest son, a fortune strictly tied up and invested in British trustee securities. Through her mother, the Archduchess Maria Dorothea is nearly related to the British royal family, and she was presented to Queen Victoria during her Majesty's last sojourn in the South of France. The Queen of the Belgians is also doubly related to the French Pretender's bride, and Belgium, as has already been the case, will be the political *pied-à-terre*, if not headquarters, of the Duke of Orléans. The Duke, who never shared his parents' affection for Stowe House, will reside, when in England, at Wood Norton, the Duc d'Aumale's charming

The foundation-stone of the new college chapel at Mill Hill School will be laid on Saturday by Sir William Henry Wills, Bart., M.P., Chairman of the Court of Governors. The chapel will cost between four thousand and five thousand pounds, of which more than three thousand pounds has been already promised by old Millhillians and friends of the school.

An exceedingly interesting and historic institution, Williams's Library, at Cheltenham, is now numbered among the things of the past. It was founded in 1815 by the late Mr. G. A. Williams, and was for long the



WILLIAMS'S LIBRARY.

resort of eminent literary and other men, as well as the nobility and gentry of the town and the adjacent counties. Its handsome and commodious reading-rooms, which contained one of the largest collections of English and Foreign newspapers and reviews in the provinces, were very popular when Cheltenham was a fashionable resort. The stock of books accumulated during the past eighty years is almost incredibly large for so small a place—the number is placed at about three hundred thousand. Mr. Jones, the Public Librarian of the Cheltenham Library, has been going through this huge mass, and reports the discovery of a surprising number of rare and out-of-the-way volumes—from Roman Catholic literature of early dates to modern first editions, from topography to classics. The first portion, comprising modern works of no special interest, was dispersed on Oct. 19 and five following days by Messrs. Harrison, Bayley, and Adams, at the Assembly Rooms, Cheltenham, and the second and third portions, which will contain the rarer books, are to come under the hammer within the next two months.

This is a true ghost-story of an unconventional kind. A young lady arrived late at night on a visit to a friend. She awoke in the darkness, to find a white figure at the foot of the bed. While she watched, the bed-clothes were suddenly whisked off, and the apparition vanished. After an anxious, not to say chilly, night, the visitor went down with little appetite to breakfast. At the table she was introduced to a gentleman, a very old friend of the family, who had, she learned, also been sleeping in the house. He complained of the cold. "I hope you will excuse me," he said to his hostess, "but I found it so cold during the night that, knowing the room next mine was unoccupied, I took the liberty of going in and carrying off the bed-clothes to supplement my own." The room, as it happened, was not unoccupied, but he never learned his mistake.

It will gratify Mr. G. W. Steevens when he comes back from America to find that his letters to the *Daily Mail* have been used to illustrate the geography lessons at a Greenwich Board School. There is another school not far away where the teacher suits his geography lessons to the events of the moment. He chivies his pupils about the globe at the caprice of Sultan or Khalifa. Armenia is the present subject of study, following the Soudan and the Transvaal, and the pupils still remember a period of painful toiling through Madagascar, where Antananarivo is the biggest town and the shortest name.

Beyond a doubt, fact is stranger than fiction, and the following true little yarn, told me by a prominent detective, is as good as some of the stories invented by the monthly novelist. My informant was instructed to be on the look-out for a prominent "swell-mobsmen" who had been recently troubling the peace of her Majesty's liege subjects, and, pursuant to instructions, he dressed himself as one of the illicitly industrious and devoted his evenings to the purlieus of certain West-End districts. One night he followed a clue to the "Cri," and reached the classic spot just about the time when people were coming out of the theatre. He mingled with the crowd, and almost immediately became the possessor of a "jerry and slang"—that is, a watch and chain—that were placed in his pocket by an industrious thief who took him for one of the gang. The recipient of the unexpected gift kept his presence of mind and gave a sign in the fashion of thieves' masonry to show all was well. Then he edged out of the crowd, and the thief followed. "We'll go round by Vine Street; they won't follow us there," whispered the detective, and, talking the real lingo all the time, he persuaded the unconscious rogue, a much bigger man than himself, and famous for his athletic gifts, to follow him right past the station. There, with plenty of policemen about, he seized his man and the trick was done. "Thought you was one of us!" is the ungarnished version of the astonished and disgusted thief's remark.

Evidently there is room for two or three Thirteen Clubs in the Fatherland. A Berlin citizen has lately been appealing, plaintively but in vain, to the authorities to have the number of his house changed from thirteen to twelve, on the ground of the former being an unlucky number. More fortunate are superstitious residents in Frankfort, where, it seems, thirteen is conveniently skipped by those who attend to street numbering. This concession to a silly fad lightens the labours of post employés, at any rate.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ORLÉANS.

Photo by Strelitsky, Budapest.

country seat, but he will probably purchase the lease of a house in London, for the Savoy will know him no more, and it is essential that "a man who would be King" should have a place where he can entertain his friends and supporters. In view of the Franco-Russian Alliance, it is curious to note that Russia is almost the only country in Europe with whom the Duke and Duchess of Orléans are entirely unconnected.



MISS ETHEL SIDNEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

LOVE AND WAR—IMMORTAL TWINS.*

That proper spirit of chivalry which flickers, if it does not flame, in the bosom of every reviewer prompts one to declare the best thing that ever befell Master Hugh Peters to have been his having to wife Marjory, daughter of John, Earl of Quinton. And the next best thing for that young man, appreciative fairness and justice jogs us (as Mr. Meredith would say), is that Mr. Max Pemberton has put him in a book. Whether



MASTER HUGH MEETS THE LADY MARJORY AND SIR NATHANIEL AT HAMPSTEAD.

From "A Puritan's Wife."

Master Peters deserves the honour is another matter altogether; Mr. Pemberton has decided in his favour, and it would be churlish to withhold consent. Further, it would be discourteous to look askance at the man the Lady Marjory chose for mate and stood by with such rare constancy—constancy that, to read of in these degenerate days, makes one wish oneself back in the brave times of the Restoration, when women could be pretty without being faithless. Of course, pretty women could be, and were, faithless then as now; but that is another story. This story is different.

Master Hugh Peters, of Warboys, in Huntingdon, was a hot-headed, bloodthirsty young Puritan, who found himself out in the cold after the return of Charles Stuart to his own. To keep his life warm in him, and his head (marked at the "cut-down price" of five hundred guineas) safe on his shoulders, Master Peters lay a-hiding in a little hut by the pool at Ambresbury, in the Forest of Epping. Beyond supplying his daily needs, he had little more to do than dream of the past, and on memories he supped full. Chief subject of his dreams and memories was the dainty Marjory, with whom he "chummed" in the old days in the woods about Warboys. They were youthful lovers, too, and, like all youthful lovers, full of fun and very thoughtless; else why did they allow Tom Honeydew, the wine-bibbing parson of Quinton, in one of his drunken humours, to "put them through" the marriage ceremony, making them one in the eyes of Heaven, if not in the misty spectacles of the Law? As Master Peters lay in Epping a-thinking of his "wife," came to him Son of Humility Ford and his serving-man Gideon, with news that the hue-and-cry was out, and that the Lady Marjory, knowing of this, had sent them to convoy him to a place of safety until such time as she could intercede with the King for him. After a rousing night fight with the outlaws of Epping, in which encounter Son of Humility Ford belied his name by the pride he took in the prowess of his reverend right arm, Master Peters was handed over to Sir Nathaniel Goulding, to be by him conducted to Windsor, where Mistress Marjory sojourned. Then it came to Master Peters' jealous ears that Sir Nathaniel was liked, if not loved, by Mistress Marjory, and that his chances of

making her Lady Goulding were not small. Whence—complications and ravages of the green-eyed one in Master Hugh's soul. His position was not bettered by the chilly reception he met at the hands of his fair lady. She did not know the state of his heart towards her, and, besides, she wanted to play him off against Sir Nathaniel, the knowing jade! The scene in the garden at Windsor at dawn, where she sets Master Peters at his proper distance—a good arm's length—is one of the cleverest in this clever book.

Sir Nathaniel soon showed his cloven hoof. Hugh was lodged in the Devil's Tower, and there a villain, who had discovered his identity, had made an end of him, were it not for one, Israel Wolf, a man with the Devil's face and an angel's heart. With Israel's help Hugh made his escape, and, wounded, awoke to find himself in a house at Hampstead belonging to Sir Nathaniel, who believed that Hugh held French Court secrets it were as well to keep a thumb on. But after manifold perils, Hugh, always by the aid of the devil-man, escaped along a perfectly wonderful subterranean passage—how one loves these subterranean passages!—and made his way towards his mistress, who had conveniently moved her habitation to the woods near Barnet. These woods were full of London folk fleeing from the Great Plague, then raging in the stifling dens of the City. "All For Love, and the World Well Lost," was again played by Master Hugh and Mistress Marjory amid scenes of horror and tragedy; but the *mise-en-scène* seemed only to add piquancy to their passages of sentiment and comedy. In these woods, too, Master Hugh, true to his blood—he was nephew to the famous Hugh Peters, Cromwell's chaplain—thrust a famous duel on Sir Nathaniel, and very deservedly, one is constrained to add, got a good drubbing. And this time he got caught by the King's men, and would have been hanged by the neck at Tyburn until he was dead had it not been for a marvellous fine stratagem devised by that prince of devil-men, Israel Wolf. What that stratagem was and how executed it would be unfair to Mr. Pemberton to tell here; it is too good to be severed from the context. Suffice it to say that its success was justified, and that it reunited Hugh and his lady once more. The King's pardon was secured soon after, more for the sake of the beautiful face and fascinating charm of Lady Marjory than through any special love the King bore Hugh. And—one is sincerely glad to hear it—"they lived happy ever after."

The whole story moves in animated fashion—as every romance should—with rattle of rein, jingle of spur, clash of sword, and love-making in and out of season. In brief, Mr. Pemberton has written a thoroughly entertaining book.



MASTER HUGH AND THE LADY MARJORY BEFORE THE KING.

From "A Puritan's Wife."

THE IRISH JUDGES.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Lord Ashbourne, may fairly be ranked among the best-known men of the day, though it is more as a successful politician than as a lawyer that his name will be handed down to posterity. Unlike the prophet's fate, honour has awaited him in his own country, and, favoured by fortune from his early days, his career has been a continued record of successes, till now, while well on the sunny side of sixty, he fills for the third time the highest legal post in Ireland. His pleasant personality, his eloquence and wit, his power of grasping difficult and intricate diplomatic questions, his splendid delivery, to which was added a melodious, ringing voice, all helped to make him a great favourite in the House of Commons, where, as Mr. Edward Gibson, he represented Dublin University for twenty years.

His early life was spent in Dublin, where he graduated at Trinity College when only twenty-one, being called to the Irish Bar two years later. He was made a Q.C. in 1872, a Bencher of the King's Inns in 1877, and appointed Attorney-General for Ireland the same year. His distinguished services to the Conservative cause were fittingly recognised when his Party came into power in 1885 by their bestowing upon him a peerage, a seat in the Cabinet, and the Lord Chancellorship of Ireland. His legal duties and political responsibilities absorb an immense amount of time,

The Right Hon. Lord Justice Walker is another very sound lawyer, and under the last Liberal Government held the office of Lord Chancellor. He was known some years ago as one of the hardest-working barristers in Dublin, and held the post of Solicitor-General 1883-85, and that of Attorney-General 1885-86. In both these posts his extensive legal knowledge and sound advice were of the utmost service to his Party, who on their next accession to power appointed him Lord Chancellor. After the General Election of 1895 he was relegated to the ranks of the ex-Chancellors, but has since been made a Lord Justice of Appeal. He has been twice married, his second wife being a daughter of the late Rev. A. MacLaughlin. His favourite recreations are fishing and shooting, in which he indulges whenever he escapes from his legal duties; not infrequently he takes a large shooting in the West of Ireland, and entertains many friends during the autumn months. His brother, Lieut.-General Mark Walker, C.B., greatly distinguished himself at Inkerman, and holds the Victoria Cross.

The Right Hon. Christopher Palles, as Chief Baron, has presided in the Court of Exchequer for the last twenty-two years; he is often called "the Last of the Barons," as this distinctive title is no longer conferred on any of the judges. He was educated in Dublin, where he graduated at Trinity College in 1852, and was called to the Bar the following year. Under Mr. Gladstone's Administration he held the posts of Solicitor-General and Attorney-General, and just before the defeat of the

Mr. Justice O'Brien. Lord Justice FitzGibbon. Mr. Justice Ross. Mr. Justice Holmes. Mr. Justice Gibson. Mr. Justice Johnson.



Mr. Justice Murphy. Lord Justice Barry. The Lord Chief Baron. The Lord High Chancellor. The Master of the Rolls. Lord Justice Walker. Mr. Justice Andrews.

THE IRISH BENCH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

besides constant journeyings between Dublin and London during the Parliamentary sessions. Last winter he purchased a magnificent house in Merrion Square, Dublin, where he and Lady Ashbourne gave some of the most brilliant entertainments of the Dublin season; during the summer and autumn months they reside chiefly at Howth Castle, a charming place some nine miles from Dublin, which they rent from the Earl of Howth. Of their large family two are married, their eldest son having wedded last winter Mdlle. Montbrissou, a member of a very distinguished French family, while a couple of years ago their eldest daughter was married to Lieut. Algar Orde-Powlett, grandson of the ninth Earl of Scarbrough and grandson and heir of the present Lord Bolton.

The Right Hon. Andrew Marshall Porter, P.C., Master of the Rolls, enjoys the distinction of being the handsomest judge on the Irish Bench. He is a native of the North of Ireland, and was educated at the Queen's College, Belfast, from which he received the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1880, and a similar honour from Dublin University in 1889. He was called to the Bar in 1860, became a Q.C. in 1872, and a Bencher of the King's Inns six years later. He was appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland in 1881, and Attorney-General the following year; he represented Londonderry in Parliament while holding these important posts, and in 1883 he was made Master of the Rolls. His talents and legal knowledge are of a high order, and his courtesy, dignified demeanour, and clearness of judgment are among the factors that have built up for him an enviable reputation. His wife is a daughter of Colonel Horsburgh, and their sons and daughters are popular members of Dublin society.

Liberal Government in 1874, a vacancy occurring, he was elevated to the Bench as Chief Baron. He resides at Mount Annville, a lovely place situated about four miles outside Dublin, where, since the death of his wife, a few years ago, his niece, Miss Palles, presides as chatelaine.

The Right Hon. Lord Justice Barry is a native of County Limerick, but, like most of his colleagues, pursued his college career within the walls of Dublin University. Since he was called to the Bar, in 1845, he has filled many important posts; he was made a Q.C. in 1849, Crown Prosecutor 1859-65, and represented Dungarvan in Parliament from 1865 to 1869, during which period he acted as Law Adviser to the Crown. The Solicitor-Generalship and Attorney-Generalship followed in quick succession, and in 1871 he was appointed a Judge of the Queen's Bench, and twelve years later a Lord Justice of Appeal. Though not an author, his tastes are distinctly literary, and he is a constant patron of the drama, always favouring the works of Shakspeare and other classical writers in preference to modern plays.

The Right Hon. Gerald FitzGibbon, Lord Justice of Appeal, is a Dublin man, and early made a distinguished name at Trinity College, where he took the B.A. degree in 1859. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1860, and to the English in 1861. Deciding to follow his legal calling in his native land, he worked most assiduously, and was rewarded with rapid promotion. He was made a Q.C. in 1872, Law Adviser 1876-7, Solicitor-General 1877-8, at the end of which year, before he was forty years of age, he was appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal, Lord Ashbourne, who was then Attorney-General, having declined the post.



PORCUPINE.



RHINOCEROS.

He is a staunch Conservative, and was an intimate friend of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, who often spent Christmas with him at Howth, where Judge and Mrs. FitzGibbon have a seaside residence, which they greatly prefer to their town mansion in Merrion Square. Versatility may be considered one of Judge FitzGibbon's characteristics, for there are few things from grave to gay into which he cannot throw himself with refreshing enthusiasm. A classical scholar and an accomplished linguist, he takes a deep interest in the literature of the day, and has held forth in French on the platform of a French Literary Society in Dublin; he is also a devoted Freemason, and the Masonic Female Orphan Schools near Dublin owe much to his kindly interest. He married a daughter of Baron Fitzgerald, and has a large family.

The Right Hon. William O'Brien hails from the County Cork, where he was chiefly educated at Midleton School, and was called to the Bar in 1855, and made a Q.C. in 1872. He fulfilled the duties of Crown Prosecutor for Dublin for a time, and in 1882 was made a judge, being appointed to the Common Pleas Division, from whence he was transferred a year later to the Queen's Bench Division. He is remarkable for the impressive and comprehensive manner in which he charges a jury, and the extraordinary facility he possesses for recalling even the minutest details of a complicated case. He is the only bachelor on the Irish Bench.

The Right Hon. James Murphy, whose name is so associated with the celebrated Phoenix Park murder trials, in which he appeared as Crown Prosecutor, received his early education at Mr. Turpin's school at Midleton, Cork, having among his class-mates the late Sir Edward Sullivan (Lord Chancellor of Ireland), Lord Justice Barry, Judge O'Brien, and other distinguished members of the Irish Bar. Coming to Dublin, he entered Trinity College, where he took first honours in classics and mathematics, obtaining the scholarship and first gold medal in logic and ethics, Professor Cairns coming second in the same list. He was called to the Bar in 1849, was made a Q.C. in 1866, and a Bencher of the King's Inns in 1871. He was elevated to the Bench in 1883, and is now one of the most popular of the Irish Judges. His classical and literary knowledge is extensive, and as a *raconteur* he is inimitable, though nowhere is his eloquence more conspicuous than in Court. He married a daughter of the late Judge Keogh, and of their family three sons have held scholarships at Charterhouse, the eldest, after a distinguished career at Cambridge, having now settled down as a doctor in London. He lives at Glencairn, a pretty country seat five miles outside Dublin, where he and his wife dispense much hospitality.

The Right Hon. William Johnson, Judge in the Common Pleas Division, only son of the late Rev. W. Johnson, Chancellor of Ross and Cloyne, was educated at Trinity College, where he early distinguished himself and took both the B.A. and M.A. degrees. He steadily won success at the Bar, acting as Law Adviser from 1868-74, was made Q.C. in 1872, Solicitor-General in 1880, and Attorney-General in 1881; while holding these posts he represented Mallow in the Liberal interests till, in 1883, he was elevated to the Bench. He is a patron of the fine arts, and his house in Lower Leeson Street contains many art treasures. His favourite amusement was riding, but this he has recently abandoned in favour of a "bike"—which, by the way, he manages very well. He is fond of travelling, and generally spends the Long Vacation on the Continent, accompanied by his wife, who is a daughter of Mr. Richard Bayly, of Green Park, and niece of Judge Murphy.

The Right Hon. John Gibson, son of Mr. William Gibson, of Rockforrest, County Tipperary, and younger brother of Lord Ashbourne, is another of the judges whose successful careers redound to the honour of Trinity College, where he took the M.A. degree in 1867, being called to the Bar three years later; in 1880 he was made Q.C., in 1885 Serjeant-at-Law, Solicitor-General 1885-87, Attorney-General 1887-8, when he was promoted to the Bench. From 1886 to 1888 he sat as Conservative member for the Walton Division of Liverpool, during which time he made some very striking speeches, in which the family gift of oratory was easily recognised. He married while very young the only daughter of the Rev. John Hare, of Tullycorbet, County Monaghan, and has several children.

The Right Hon. Hugh Holmes, one of the Justices of the Queen's Bench (Ireland), M.A. of Trinity College, was called to the Bar in 1865; he was made a Q.C. in 1877, and twelve months later saw him a Bencher of the King's Inns and Solicitor-General; in 1885 he became Attorney-General, and the same year was elected one of the members for Dublin University, which seat he retained till his elevation to the Bench in 1887. He married Miss Olivia Maule, of Elmley Lovet, and of their large family two pretty daughters are now grown up.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Andrews, LL.D., is the second son of Mr. John Andrews, of Comber, County Tyrone. He was called to the Bar in 1855, and was made a Q.C. in 1872. He had almost ceased practising his profession when Mr. Gladstone raised him to the Bench in 1882, since which time he has sat in the Exchequer Division. He is married, and lives in a handsome house in Lower Leeson Street, Dublin.

Mr. Justice Ross is the latest addition to the Irish Bench, having been appointed a few months ago, upon the resignation of Judge Monroe. He was called to the Bar in 1880, after a brilliant career at Trinity College, where he obtained the first classical scholarship in 1876, and the LL.D. degree in 1879. In 1891 he was made Q.C., and the following year he successfully contested North Londonderry in the Unionist interest, but lost his seat at the last General Election. His services to his Party were too valuable to go unrewarded, and his recent promotion was no surprise. His wife, who is a daughter of Colonel Deane Mann, is a very handsome and popular woman, and they have several pretty little children.

TWO OLD-WORLD BEASTS.

The rhinoceros may be said, without exaggeration, to be the "heavy-armoured cruiser" of the animal world. His skin, thick and tough as the embossed targets of the ancient Highlander, hangs loose upon him in great defensive plates, which, until the ingenuity of the white man invented the steel-tipped bullet, were impervious to all sorts of shot. He is an enormous brute, slow and clumsy in his movements, and charges with all the ponderosity of a steam-hammer. He is a representative of a class of animals that was prevalent in a long-past geological age, but which is now in a small minority, for in animals, as in ships, unwieldy means of defence are being supplanted by adaptations for agility in attack and quickness in escape. But however clumsy in his movements, no animal in the "Zoo" is more feared by his keeper than the rhinoceros. He is in an everlasting bad temper, and runs perfectly *amok* at times, charging furiously at posts and stones and ploughing up the ground with the great horn on his snout. There are several kinds of rhinoceroses, and our illustration does not depict the great Indian kind, but a small and very rare specimen, with a most remarkable history. Nearly thirty years ago he had the misfortune to get stuck fast one night in a quicksand in the thick jungle country of Chittagong, and the natives, taking advantage of his helplessness, hitched him fast to a neighbouring tree. They sent for the Europeans in the *Keddah* service, who in turn hitched him to one of their elephants and started out to tow him to Calcutta. After a series of adventures, he was got there in safety and shipped to Europe. The Society paid £1250 for him. All this took place so long ago as 1868, so that this animal is now one of the oldest residents in the "Zoo." Chinamen will readily pay about ten pounds for a rhinoceros-horn, for it makes one of their most precious medicines.

The porcupine is also heavily armed, but with a back-load of quills, which are not only instruments of defence, but also very sharp weapons of offence. They are animals of a most tetchy temper, and their keeper tells me he has to keep a sharp eye upon them while putting their shed in order. They have got a most peculiar method of attack. Having turned their heads away from the object of attack, and set their quills semi-erect, they shunt swiftly backwards, driving their quills deeply into the first obstruction they encounter, which, in the keeper's case, is commonly the handle of his broom. The force is such that the quills actually stick in the broom handle. One morning, however, the subject of the illustration out-manœuvred its keeper, and before he was aware drove its quills, sharp as needles, deep in the flesh of his leg. No dog will face it for a second attack, but runs howling away. The tiger, if in an inquisitive mood, finds that an examination of this animal leads to its paws and jaws becoming as full of quills as a pin-cushion of pins. The porcupine belongs to the same order as rabbits, hares, and squirrels—the Rodentia—and there are several kinds of them, the illustration showing one of the most beautiful, the white-tailed Indian porcupine. Their flesh is considered a great delicacy, and the writer has seen natives catch them and immediately sling them over a fire, roasting them alive.

THE STREET SIFFLEUR.

It was Saturday night, and on the pavement in front of a brilliantly lighted Shoreditch tavern the Street Siffleur, a man of about eight-and-twenty, had just held a large audience spellbound by whistling with undeniable expression and feeling a couple of tunes from his repertoire, namely, "Tom Bowling" and "The Lost Chord." After the artist had gone round with his hat and transferred the harvest of coppers to a capacious pocket, the writer took him in hand and elicited from him a few particulars as to his novel and apparently lucrative profession.

"Oh! my whistlin' 's genuine enough," he observed in reply to a query; "people would soon find out the fraud if I used a 'fakement' of any kind in my mouth. You see, when I was a kiddy at school I was reckoned a crack whistler, and I was allus practisin', until I could imitate birds and things to the life. Course, I didn't think then that a livin' was to be made out of it; but when Mrs. Shaw got to be all the rage at swell dinner-parties and such-like, I thought a bit o' money might be made at the 'lay' in the streets. So one Saturday night I made a start in the Whitechapel Road, and though I was so nervous that I didn't do myself justice, I found when I got home that I'd took over six shillin's, all in pennies and ha'pennies.

"Ever since then I've been at the game, all over England, goin' to all the big towns and doin' well everywhere. It's the novelty, you understand, what fetches the public. They hear any amount of organ-grinders, banjoists, and tin-whistle players, but very few natural whistlers—in fact, I only know of one other man besides myself who goes in for it.

"The favourite tunes are those of the old ditties, such as 'Tom Bowlin' and 'The Wearin' of the Green.' Lively jigs go down well, too; but these take a lot o' whistlin', and by the time you get to the end o' one you're pretty well winded, I can tell you.

"Takin's? Two pound a-week's about the average, Saturday alone bein' as much good to me as the rest o' the week put together. Yes," concluded my informant, "the money fairly *rolls* in o' Saturday nights!" And, as I left him, the siffleur took up his stand on the edge of the kerbstone, slowly pursed his lips, and then whistled to an admiring audience the rollicking strains of "Flannigan's Ball."

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The amateur statesmen of the German Press have, for the moment, almost softened to perfidious Albion; no longer are we the Carthage, of vast commerce and *little* military strength, that is to be deleted by France and Russia, while Germany looks on and gleans the fragments of our Empire. The inhabitants of the Reptile House in the European Press Menagerie are no longer breaking their teeth against the wires in the struggle to get at the inaccessible Briton; they have taken rather to biting one another. If only we will cede a few colonies and retire from the commercial field, Germany will be graciously pleased to return to an attitude of common civility.

This partial change of temper may be wise; it will certainly not produce any great revulsion of feeling on this side of the North Sea. The menace of Germany to join with the Dual Alliance against England is not an element of practical politics. Russia and France together would have a great many more men than they could possibly use in such a war; and the German fleet would be a comparatively small addition to their united navies. If German and French ironclads sailed together against the common foe, some of them would get sunk by each other—accidentally, of course. In every combined army or fleet one part prefers to fight and one to look on.

If England were the Machiavellian and brutally overbearing Power that she is generally represented as being, she would take the very first decent pretext for declaring war against Germany. The stakes of such a war, on the English side, would be comparatively small; the losses few, unless some other Power joined with Germany. The German coast would be blockaded by two squadrons—North Sea and Baltic; or, if the new sea canal made this division of forces risky, a large fleet could blockade the North Sea coast, while a smaller squadron watched the openings of the Danish Straits, to be reinforced from the main fleet as soon as intelligence came of ships sailing forth that way. There would be a few isolated naval actions—perhaps, in some cases, favourable to Germany; but, in the main, the force of numbers would make the blockade efficient almost at once. This blockade would be a comparatively mild one; German goods could go out by sea (thanks to the Declaration of Paris) *via* Holland or Belgium, France, Russia, or Denmark, only the extra freight and dues would be enough to destroy the cheapness that makes a market for German goods.

German lines of subsidised steamers that cut rates and cut out British vessels would cease from the seas; each German war-vessel would be "shadowed" forthwith, and either driven home or sunk, and two expeditions, from England and India respectively, would methodically wipe the German colour off the map of Africa. That individual ships and their crews, or individual colonies, might fight well and even successfully, no one will deny; but the German fleet would be as utterly overpowered as our army would be if pitted against the German host.

Thus a constant, slow, relentless economic pressure would be kept up by the supremacy of Sea Power. German manufacturers would be forced to raise prices or sell at a loss. Hamburg would be strangled; while British trade and shipping, free from competition, and screened from all attack by an efficient blockade, would recover all and more than all they have lost in time of peace. And this sort of war might go on for years and years.

I do not advocate war with anybody, and a war with Germany would be abhorrent to most Germans and to most Englishmen; but I merely point out that, if no other Power took a hand (and one does not see why another Power should), such a conflict would not only be a valuable school of practice for the British navy, but would positively go far to restore our trade to its former supremacy. The German cutlery would lose in the railway journey across Holland that minute economy in the cost of manufacture that enables Solingen to undersell Sheffield. And our kind philanthropists might rejoice over the comparatively bloodless character of the war, for a modern naval war, where one side has the preponderance of numbers, is little more than a blockade with a few stray fights of cruisers.

If we were a "nation of shopkeepers" in the sense of shaping our national policy to suit our shops, we should certainly quarrel with the Germans as inevitably as our forefathers of very opposite politics quarrelled with the Dutch, from trade rivalry, and use our naval predominance to crush a threatening competitor. As it is, we are past that stage in our history in which commerce was extended by war, and, therefore, a collision between Germany and England is not to be feared for the present. But, speaking simply from the point of brutal selfishness, it is not England's interest to avoid such a collision, if it can be localised.

Possibly this fact is dawning upon the journalists of Germany, hence their civil silence to us. They have disputes of their own also. The declaration of the paper representing Prince Bismarck, that the ex-Chancellor was promising to defend Austria against Russia, and, at the same time, arranging for neutrality in case Austria attacked Russia, has fluttered the dove-cots of the Triple Alliance. Here you have, apparently, the great German Empire engaging itself at once, and inconsistently, to two States of opposite interests, and all to avoid "isolation"—or rather, all to secure friends in either camp.—MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Austin Dobson's third series of "Eighteenth Century Vignettes" (Chatto) labours far less than might be supposed under the disadvantages of it being a third series. True, the earlier volumes were peopled by Swift, Richardson, Steele, Horace Walpole, Goldsmith, and Johnson, by such famous personages as attract the interest of the whole reading world. The latest is, perhaps, addressed more exclusively to eighteenth century lovers and specialists. With a few exceptions the subjects are hardly so outstanding; but, then, these exceptions are important. "Exit Roscius" is a fine description of Garrick's farewell to the stage, and the essay on Matthew Prior is by far the completest picture we possess of the poet.

The characteristic ingredients of the papers are as good as ever—a little gossip, a little bibliography, a little research (just the tit-bits picked for us out of long, hidden labours), a little criticism, a few telling circumstances of the age, and all mixed plentifully with quiet humour. Arduous work was never given so delightfully frivolous an air. Mr. Dobson hides the pains of his learning and offers us the sweets, and would have us believe he is not a serious person at all. So much for his manner. As for the matter, who can describe it so well as he does himself?—

For detail, detail, most I care
(*Ce superflu, si nécessaire!*);
I cultivate a private bent
For episode, for incident;
I take a page of Some One's Life,
His quarrel with his friend, his wife,
His good or evil hap at Court,
"His habit as he lived," his sport,
The books he read, the trees he planted,
The dinners that he eat—or wanted.

I don't taboo a touch of scandal,
If Gray or Walpole hold the candle.

The angler has his anthology at last. Mr. John Buchan has compiled it. It is called "Musa Piscatrix," and issues from the Bodley Head. There are contributions by the most illustrious and unlikely persons, by Shakspeare—though there is no evidence at all that he ever "betrayed the tawny-finn'd fishes" himself—and by Bunyan, too. Some of the poets do not take the sport half seriously enough; Mr. Bridges, for instance, who describes a so-called angler who,

Leaning on his rod, reads in some pleasant book,
Forgetting soon his pride of fishery,
And dreams or falls asleep.

The book discovers many unguessed followers of the sport, but none of the new men are more genial than our old friend Thomas Tod Stoddart. There may be a few more literary, and yet, in "The Angler's Grave," he has written the most perfect epitaph for all lovers of open sky and shining river—

There he sleeps whose heart was twined
With wild stream and wandering burn,
 Wooer of the western wind,
 Watcher of the April morn

But there are bursts of affectionate sincerity in nearly all the anglers who have ever made a verse. Cotton was by nature a stiff person, I think, for one of the gentle craft. Yet he softens, too, and cries—

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!

This is the only kind of sporting anthology that would be tolerable to non-sportsmen, and Mr. Buchan will have the thanks of many such.

Mr. Will Rothenstein's "Oxford Characters" (Lane) hardly belongs to the province of the Literary Lounger, but, on the strength of the lithographs having a flippant text appended to them, a reference to them may be admitted to the column. The portraits are of striking interest and merit, among the subjects being Sir Henry Acland, Mr. Robinson Ellis, Dr. Max Müller, Dr. Murray, of the Dictionary, the Rev. C. H. Daniel, of the printing-press; Dr. Burdon Sanderson, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, and Professor York Powell. Strong, seizing the prominent characteristics, the leading impulses of the subjects, without caricature, and very humanly interesting, they appeal far beyond the circles where the men themselves receive special honour.

There is no want of homage paid to the greater literature to-day, whether its books be read or not. The reprints, good, bad, and indifferent, which are continually appearing must, we suppose, be asked for, else we are driven to the desperate conclusion that publishers are educational philanthropists. Among the good and quite recent reprints comes a new Boswell, and a perfectly ideal one. It is edited by Mr. Birrell, issued by Messrs. Constable, of Westminster, and will be completed in six small volumes. In size, shape, weight, and type—not to speak of the editing—it is beyond criticism. Excellent, too, though in a stolid way, more suggestive of book-shelves and study-tables, are the new "Centenary Carlyle" (Chapman)—"Sartor Resartus" has appeared—the issue of which, under the editorial supervision of Mr. H. D. Traill, will extend through next year, and the popular two-volume edition of Browning which Messrs. Smith, Elder are sending out. o. o.

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Drugging the villain's drink.



Giving the oath at the trial of her sister's murderer.



Finding her sister murdered.



Mourning but not melancholy.

THE HEROINE, MISS HILDA SPONG.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

MR. DAVID BISPHAM.

Mr. David Bispham, who during very recent years has so successfully devoted himself to opera, is a Lancashire Philadelphian. He has both Saxon and Norman blood in his veins, and his ancestors were the foremost helpers of William Penn in the founding of his birthplace. From early youth he had the deepest love and reverence for music, and was



MR. BISPHAM AS PIZARRO IN "FIDELIO."

always in great request as an amateur in America, and, later on, in Italy, whither he went to study. It was not till some ten years ago that he was able to adopt singing as his profession, on account of the prejudices of his Quaker family. In Italy his teachers were Signor Vannuccini, in Florence, and the famous Lamperti, in Milan; in London Mr. William Shakespeare has ever been, and is still, his firm friend and adviser. His first important appearance was in the part of the Duc de Longueville in "La Basoche," and thus early in his career he proved himself to be a more than ordinary singer. He holds that an artist should not limit his style to any particular music, but of all he owns to loving Wagnerian the best.

He has distinguished himself in more than one rôle, but especially by his vigorous reading of the disappointed Telramund in "Lohengrin." The characters of Kurwenal and Alberich are his favourites, and he hopes some day to be called upon to sing Amfortas in "Parsifal," while his successes as Wotan in "Die Walküre" and Wolfram in "Tannhäuser" are too recent to need chronicling here; he has also been an excellent Pizarro in "Fidelio."

It would, perhaps, be too much to say that, thus early in his career, Mr. Bispham has altogether succeeded in overcoming the difficulties which necessarily attend the beginnings of any profession. He has a singular aptitude, it is true, for serious dramatic work, proving that aptitude by a thousand signs and indications; and if he has not yet formed a perfect and finished style, that is because, just as Rome was not built in a day, so the art of operatic acting is only acquired by difficult processes. So far as acting goes, his Wotan has probably been his greatest success, and his Beckmesser, without question, his least admirable achievement; for his Beckmesser shows his lack of grip in difficult matters of a thousand details, while the solemn and slow beauties of the part of Wotan come to him, in his present progress in practice, with far greater facility and smoothness. There can be little doubt that, if he succeeds in accomplishing his ambition, already mentioned, of singing the part of Amfortas at Bayreuth next year, he will prove himself singularly suited to the character. On the other hand, in the humorous part of Lord Alleash, in "Fra Diavolo," he scarcely showed himself in a convincing light; for the fact is that, admirable as he at present is in all serious and simple dramatic characters, he has not yet gone far enough to develop on the stage the humour that may be—and doubtless is—in him. Still, his advance has been so rapid that one hopes for great things even from this side of art.

There can be no two opinions upon the merits of his voice. It has that peculiarly pathetic quality which has been described in the case of one great singer as indicating a "sense of tears." His range is sufficient, and his power undoubted. Moreover, he belongs to that small body of vocalists who are distinguished not only by beauty of vocalisation, but also by intelligence in the direction of it. There are singers who possess exquisite vocal organs by nature, and who are content to spend that perfection upon utterly unworthy forms of musical art. Mr. Bispham is by no means one of these. His is no repertory of "Ben Bolt" and "Bay of Biscay" and "Come into the Garden, Maud," with "Elijah" thrown in as a make-weight. He has a singular knowledge of music, and thoroughly understands that which is best in his art. With a singer of moderate gifts such an intelligence would be most valuable; with Mr. Bispham it means a deliberate preponderance of influence in the direction of all that is praiseworthy and attractive in music, wherever music means more than a mere instrument for minor pleasure. He is, in truth, never content with his past achievements. To have studied a new part, to have extended his mere repertory of song, is with him only the signal for new studies and for the acquisition of new knowledge. This is to say that Mr. Bispham is a true artist; one may hope to be able to say even more of his accomplishment in the days that are to come.

Last season he was the creator of the part of William in Cowen's opera "Harold," and he has been a very competent Falstaff. While he fully believes the Italian language to be the pleasantest medium for vocalisation, he has the strongest leaning towards other languages, and is also a great advocate of singing in English in English-speaking countries. Mr. Bispham has ambitions worthy of his artistic temperament and noble voice, and he makes a very clear line between the wheat and the chaff, and has strong opinions on the royalty question. Last season he had the almost unique experience of being requested to give an extra vocal recital in St. James's Hall. Like so many artists, he has every respect for the supernatural, and declares that it was little "Planchette" who warned him to prepare himself for his successes in German opera, the "wooden witch" even writing down the names of those rôles he should at once begin to study. Thus warned, he learnt the parts, and two months later, when singing at Lord Dysart's, he was heard by Sir Augustus Harris, who offered him the rôle of Beckmesser. Not long after that he was called upon to undertake the part of Kurwenal at only a day's notice, and, to use his own words, "It is so difficult a rôle that I could not have played it with so little preparation had not little



AS WOLFRAM IN "TANNHÄUSER."

Planchette warned me to study, and I should have missed an opportunity which brought me one of my greatest successes." His concerts for the Schumann and Brahms and other anniversaries, as well as his recent Cycle of Historic Concerts, deserve more than passing mention, and he is now an established favourite at the leading oratorios, last season being obliged to decline an exceedingly tempting offer to accompany Madame Melba on her American tour on account of his engagements at the Leeds and Gloucester Festivals.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



© Eccl
LADIN
96

"'ARF A MO." (WITH APOLOGIES TO G. H. CHIRGWIN).



"Confound it! they've gone and stopped up the foot-path."



SHE : Blue ?

DEALER : Blue ! but not bluer than the sky.



THE HUMOURS OF THE WHEEL.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A HOPELESS CASE.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

I.

"It will pinch me sore, Lydia," said Mr. Waddilove sadly. "Things are in a bad way with me just now, and it will be a great expense."

"We must make sacrifices sometimes, for the sake of our children, James," replied his wife severely. "I wonder you could hesitate for a moment."

"Do you? Well, I don't, and I can't see the necessity for such a move. Why shouldn't the girls be happy at home? Why should they require a Season in London? What good will it do them?"

"Had I not spent those two months in town with Aunt Susan long ago, James, I'd never have met you."

"Humph!" he grunted; "how do you know? You were my fate. I'd have met you somehow."

Mrs. Waddilove shrugged her shoulders and smiled; then, folding her arms upon her lap, sighed heavily.

"I'm not a believer in fate. I pin my faith on opportunity."

"Well, who knows, an opportunity may arise!"

"Here? In this quiet country place, where no man comes from year end to year end? Impossible! Miriam and Selina are twenty-three and twenty-two. They are pretty, fair, attractive girls, but their youth is passing, and if they go on as they are doing, they must live and die unknown and unsought. We shall have three old maids to provide for—"

"Poor little Madge, too! Well, you do look far ahead. The child is barely eighteen."

"Oh!"—with quick decision—"she is a hopeless case. A plain girl like Madge is as well in the country as in town. Fate or opportunity would do little for her. But the others are different."

"Very," he said grimly. "So you would not take Madge to London?"

"Of course not. She will keep house and look after you."

"Yet she would enjoy the theatres and the various sights. At eighteen—"

"It would be a waste of money to take Madge, and she is quite happy at home."

He smiled, and the expression of his face changed; his eyes grew soft and tender.

"Thank God! yes. And Madge and I will be very happy together."

"She was always your favourite; so it's a good thing you are not likely to lose her."

"Yes," thoughtfully. "And yet, if anyone came to know her and her sweet, bright nature, he—"

"Don't be afraid. Sweet natures don't count for much nowadays. Beauty or money is a necessity. As Madge has neither—"

"Poor little girl! Then the love of her old father must suffice. When do you think of going?"

"At once," Mrs. Waddilove cried, rejoiced to find him give in so easily. "Lady Grantley has a ball on Thursday, Mrs. Townley one on the following Monday, and more are sure to turn up. As soon as Miriam and Selina are seen, invitations will pour in. They will both be engaged before the end of the Season, of that I am certain."

"Don't be too sanguine. A girl without fortune, remember, is well known to be a cart without wheels. However, you may go to London when you please. Miriam and Selina shall have all the opportunities you and they sigh for." And, taking up his hat, the old gentleman trudged off to look after his hay.

II.

The Manor House was flooded with sunshine. Every window was wide open, every room full of the scent of roses, the perfume of new-mown hay.

Mrs. Waddilove and her two handsome daughters, Miriam and Selina, had been gone some six weeks, and as yet showed no signs of returning. Madge and her father had grown accustomed to their absence, and felt no very strong desire to see them come back. They were the best of friends, these two, and perfectly happy in each other's society.

In the presence of her mother and her good-looking sisters, Madge had been shy, quiet, and reserved. But alone with her dear old father, whom she adored, the gaiety of her heart asserted itself, her whole nature expanded, and she became what she had never been before—a merry, laughing, bewitching little maiden.

"With such a pair of dancing dark eyes, and such a bright, happy face, who could call my Madge plain?" thought her father, one day as he watched her flit backwards and forwards among the roses. "But I'm glad she did not go to London. Somehow, the world might rub off the bloom—bring sorrow to her loving little heart—and I want her to be happy, always."

Across the lawn came one of the gardeners in hot haste.

"If you please, sir," he said, pausing in front of his master, "there's been an accident, just at the gate—a gentleman thrown from his bicycle by a—"

"Dear me, dear me! Is he hurt?" cried the old man, starting up.

"I'm afraid, sir, he's sprained his ankle. He seemed in pain."

"He must come in. Madge!" he called. "Madge, get vinegar, bandages; there's been an accident. I'm going to bring the man in. Get everything ready."

"Yes," answered Madge, and laying aside her roses, she ran into the house.

III.

Three weeks later, Madge strolled beneath the lime-trees, a tall, fair man by her side.

"You are walking better to-day," she said. "I think your ankle is almost well."

He sighed, and dug his stick into the sward.

"I fear so."

Madge laughed merrily. "How ungrateful! And surely a sprained ankle is not a pleasant thing?"

"It has been a piece of real good fortune to me," he replied earnestly, "for through it, I made the best friends I ever had—you and your father."

"I'm glad you think so, and I assure you," looking up with a bright, sweet glance, "father and I feel it was a lucky accident for us, Gilbert. We have had a pleasant time since you came to us."

"And I? Oh, Madge, if you could only realise what it has been for me! Since my father and mother died, when I was nine, eighteen years ago, I have known little but loneliness; and I came down to the Warren for the first time since I came of age, never guessing the delightful neighbours I should find there. That evening I went out on my bicycle to while away an hour, when luck, in the shape of a clumsy van, bowled me over in front of your gate. But now, the happy time is at an end, and I feel that I must go home."

"Yes," Madge sighed. "I suppose you must. And, you see, perhaps it is just as well. Mother and the girls are coming back, and then things will be very different."

"But you will be the same?"

"I?" blushing and dimpling. "Not quite; everyone, even the dear old dad, changes when they are about. You see, our positions are not what they are when they are away. We are no longer master and mistress. We go nowhere, see no one, speak when we're spoken to—"

"Oh, Madge!" He reddened and looked at her in dismay. "That's rather much. But I'll tell you what—you and your father must come and pay me a long visit. My home is charming. I've got servants and horses and—everything to make you happy, and we'll have all our nice time over again."

"It—it sounds delightful. But," her lips trembled, "mother would not allow me to go. You see, I am not out. I am the youngest. Miriam would go. She's the eldest, and very handsome, with a tall, slight figure, fair hair, blue—"—her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, you—you will surely like Miriam, and—forget your poor Madge."

"You know I won't!" he cried vehemently. "And I don't want Miriam, and I don't care whether she's handsome or not. I want you. And, what's more, I'll insist upon your coming."

Madge gazed at him in open-eyed astonishment.

"You don't know mother, Gilbert," she said solemnly. "Not one of us dare turn the word with her, and if she told me—"

"But if—if it—if the Warren was to be one day your home," he stammered, catching her hand and drawing her towards him. "If—oh, Madge! we have known each other three whole weeks. We have spent hours of the day together, we have talked over everything. You know me, all about me, bad and good, and I know you"—his voice shook with emotion—"and love you."

"Oh, Gilbert!" she gasped. "Gilbert!"

"My darling, I have startled, alarmed you. But if you could love me—be my wife?"

"Poor, plain little me?" She raised her eyes, then turned them quickly away, her face crimson, her whole frame trembling, her heart full of a new, sweet joy.

"To me, as you stand, thus and always, you are beautiful, for I love you above everything on earth. Madge, answer me. Can you trust me—love me—marry me?"

"Yes," she whispered low; "yes"—then laid her face upon his breast.

The following afternoon, some three or four hours earlier than they were expected, Mrs. Waddilove, Miriam, and Selina arrived at the Manor House.

As he stood watching his men stacking the hay, Mr. Waddilove was informed that his wife and daughters had come home, and, without an instant's delay, he hurried in to greet them. The three ladies were tired after their journey, and answered his various inquiries with but scant courtesy. Then, as Madge did not appear to welcome her, her mother became extremely irate.

"My dear, she has gone for a walk," her husband said soothingly. "She—she will not be long."

"A walk alone at this late hour? You are a strange person to have charge of a young girl, James! I suppose Madge has done exactly as she pleased while I was away? But that will soon be changed. Out for a walk alone—"

"She is not alone, dear," he began, knowing full well she was with Gilbert, and wondering how he should break the news of her engagement to her mother. "She's with—a friend."

"Well, this sort of thing must be put a stop to."

"Yes, yes, of course. But have you any news for me, Lydia?"

She glared at him. "None," she answered sharply.

"Then your time has been wasted: the opportunities were of no avail? Miriam and Selina have made no conquests?"

pince-nez, as a slim little girl in pink cotton walked across the lawn in close conversation with a fair, blue-eyed man.

"Madge?" she cried. "And who, pray, is her companion?"

"That," he said, hurrying to her side, "is Gilbert Hastings, the wealthy young owner of the Warren, and our Madge's affianced husband."

"Good heavens!" She sank into a chair with a cry. "But—but be generous, James. Do not triumph over me too much."



MISS EVA MOORE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"You are rude, Mr. Waddilove. And I am glad the poor girls have gone upstairs."

"I don't mean to be rude, dear. I am content to keep my daughters at home. I was only following up the conversation that led to your going to London. I believed in a sweet, bright nature, and fate. You put your faith in what you called beauty—and opportunities. Without boasting or in any way annoying you, I wish to say, without taking any credit to myself, that my idea was the right one; that here, in our own home, Madge and I have been more successful."

Mrs. Waddilove flounced over to the window.

"Pray explain——" She stopped abruptly, and put up her

He took her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Nothing, my dear, is farther from my thoughts, and I am very glad that you have come home to rejoice with me at our child's great happiness."

=====

DANGEROUS.

"What is the charge?" asked the Judge, as the venerable person with the side-whiskers was brought forward.

"Insanity, your Honour. We found him on the Rialto, singing 'I want to be an angel.'"—*Puck*.

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EXHIBIT INDIA AND CEYLON.

Very unpropitious weather most inappropriately attended the close of the perfectly successful Earl's Court Exhibition of 1896. Yet the place was thronged early in the day by crowds that seemed too delighted to mind the cold and wet. The tripper was in evidence, taking his last chance of the show, and, as I strolled about on a farewell look-round, I heard, among others, this greeting, "Well, what is Southampton doing without you?" The cold of the previous night had been intense, and certainly, in the various side-shows, the Cingalese, Burmese, and other Orientals looked as though they had felt it, despite the cosy housing supplied by the management. A European turnstile-keeper assured me that "last night just *were* a twister for them, and no mistake." Nevertheless, the performances were going forward as gaily as usual.

Dropping in for a farewell call on Mr. Will Chapman the indefatigable, I dutifully inquired for the health of London-Hami and her mother Carolina, whose latest portrait is given herewith. The answer was entirely satisfactory. London-Hami, indeed, is getting on famously, and quite justifies her name and birth. The portrait shows also another small Cingalese of distinction, little Sunannah, aged two and a half, who on the visit to Windsor had the honour of being chucked under the chin by her Majesty, who called her a "dear little thing." She is the child of dancers in the Cingalese theatre. In one of the other portraits she appears in company with two Cingalese boys, aged respectively twelve

redeeming features; so I am not wholly of the turnstile, or Neo-Stoic (the latest "Porch," surely?), school of philosophy.



SUNANNAH AND TAMIL BOY.

and fourteen. The elder, curiously enough, looks the younger of the two. The young gentleman of twelve, who is a pure Tamil, is he of the long locks. His senior would in Scotland certainly be styled a "nickum." The youths, I believe, are attached to the Cingalese Theatre in some unimportant capacity, and whatever the years may have in store for them, as yet they are not "stars." In the third photograph Sunannah appears again, this time with a young Tamil gentleman of sixteen years.

The week after the Exhibition closed the Orientals at once embarked for home. For his own part the present scribe will remember them pleasantly, especially the wood-carver, who introduced himself on the opening day in this wise: "Me verra good man—carpenter—make chests for Colonel So-and-So, General The-other-Thing," and so on through an interminable list of officials. Later on, he and some neighbour craftsmen fancied the scribe's eyeglasses, and begged to try them on. "How much?" they queried eagerly, and when I confessed, they repeated at the top of their voices, "Thirty-seven shillin'! thirty-seven shillin'!" Then each nose wore the optic-glasses in turn, and there was joy in the camp. "Well, it's all over for this year. Are you glad?" I said to the turnstile-keeper aforementioned; and he answered fervently, "Yes, I should just say I *am*!" If the show had its banalities, it had also its



SUNANNAH AND CINGALESE BOYS.



CAROLINA, LONDON-HAMI, AND SUNANNAH.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

An enthusiastic North Country bicyclist has trained a tom-cat to follow him during his tours. No pace is too warm for this remarkably rapid young pussy-cat. He seems to think nothing of doing five, ten, or fifteen miles at a smart gallop, and his action strongly resembles the



BUILT FOR TWO.

long, easy stride of a fox breaking cover. It is to be hoped that the S.P.C.A. will not put its spoke into the wheel of this up-to-date rider, who, I may add, never allows his feline friend to tire himself. Indeed, such a kittenish cat should not have his movements hampered.

The cycle is no respecter of persons. In this photograph you behold Canon Muriel of Fochabers, N.B., teaching his pet to pedal.

I have just been shown a delightful sort of bicycle which, when its weight has been reduced, will be launched upon the market. It can travel

seven miles by means of motive-power up any ordinarily steep hill. When the seven miles have been covered, the rider has again to work the pedals, but this work renews the motive-power, so that within a short time the machine is again ready to negotiate a steep ascent of its own accord. The idea of coasting up-hill as well as down is truly blissful. Permanent dwellers in remote regions, such as Somersetshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall, will, no doubt, hail the introduction of this semi-automatic machine with expressions of joy, for even in the West of England comparatively few hills are more than seven miles long.

Cycle insurance companies are in the habit of stating in their prospectuses that insurance money will be paid in the event of a bicycle being stolen which was left alone with the wheel chained. Fortified with this knowledge, many cyclists leave their machines standing about in the most casual way, and in all sorts of public places. Lately a brawny son of Scotland leaned his wheel, duly chained, against a bench upon a platform at Euston Station, and went to the booking-office. Upon his return a few minutes later, imagine his astonishment and rage at seeing a well-dressed, genial-looking stranger gaily marching away with the chained bicycle and upon the point of hailing a cab! To bound up the stairs in one stride, across the bridge and down the opposite stairway, was, as some writers would put it, the work of a moment for the rightful owner. Upon his reaching the platform, however, he could no longer see the thief, though there lay the hastily deserted wheel. The remarks uttered by the Scotsman are said to have been "very pungent and not unmingled with venom."

The bepainted rider is seen in London and in America often enough—too often, possibly—but the painted bicycle is becoming a thing of the past. The fact is, bicycle-manufacturers have grown somewhat disgusted with customers who need all sorts of oddly decorated machines, and several well-known firms have practically refused to supply such bicycles. Next season, therefore, we may expect to see only the ordinary hearse-coloured machines, and the reputation which London has for always looking funereal will thus be retained. So much for the conservative ideas entertained by certain tradesmen, who think that an article good enough for their fathers, to use their own pet phrase, is good enough for them. Yet where would England herself be at this moment had this absurd maxim always been adhered to?

It is odd to notice that the bicycle, like the golf-club and the fishing-rod, is reverting to its original type. During these few years of its fashionable vogue, the bicycle, as regards its contour, has been almost indistinguishable from the original "bone-shaker," the velocipede. The only difference is that the wheels of the modern bicycle are geared, while the velocipede had no chain. Well, even the gearing, it seems, is now to go. There is at present in process of formation a syndicate to promote a chainless bicycle. It is to be a strong company, and will probably succeed; but, having heard of the project, Mr. Simpson, inventor of the celebrated Lever-chain, has himself devised a chainless bicycle, which he means to run in rivalry to the new enterprise. Mr. Simpson is very candid over this matter. I called on him the other day, and asked whether any chainless bicycle would do. "Of course not," he answered, shaking his silvery locks in good-humoured contempt; "but we may as well be pace-makers to the times, even if we have to run on two tracks at once." From which it will be seen that the magician is a wit as well as a mechanical genius.

Not long ago a well-known Lincolnshire lady tried riding side-saddle, and her right foot was caught between the pedal and the hub, with the result that her boot was wrenched off and the heel of her foot terribly torn. She has been laid up and unable to walk for a month. This is a warning to lady cyclists; however experienced they may be, not to try any tricks on their machines.

The *Hub* has given us more startling statistics—this time with regard to the value of cycles. It states that the present output of bicycles in the United Kingdom is 750,000 per annum, and, therefore, calculates that twelve million pounds' worth of cycles are made and sold in this country in a year. Perhaps it will next inform the public how long it will be, at this rate of production, before every man, woman, and child in the kingdom will be supplied with a machine.

One of the latest novelties in cycling-costumes is really charming. It consists of a waistcoat in some exquisite silk or brocade, reminding one of the time of our grandfathers. When cut open to show a white shirt-front, with a neat little tie, the costume looks most fascinating. The way in which the costume can be varied if the wearer possesses several of these waistcoats in different colours is remarkable. I hear that toques in various kinds of fur are most fashionable for lady riders this winter. It seems to be a most sensible headgear. What can be more becoming than a jaunty toque in sealskin or astrakhan? rain and snow cannot injure it, and however hard the wind may blow, it cannot loosen this effective and useful headgear. Consequently, the wearer always looks and feels tidy.

A COMING GOLFING CHAMPION.

The professional tournament of the Romford Golf Club has brought into greater prominence the club's professional, James Braid, a most promising player of the first rank, who looks like winning championship honours at no distant date. His recent performance was indeed a fine one. Playing against Harry Vardon, Taylor, and the best professional talent of this country, Braid secured, with a score of 155 for the two rounds (eighteen holes each), the first prize (£20), offered by the club for competition.

A few days after the match (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), I found Braid in his workshop, putting the finishing touches to one of those drivers for the manufacture of which he is so well known. He was born at Elie, in the "Kingdom o' Fife," and learned golf on the Earlsferry Links there.

"I can hardly," he said, "remember the time when I wasna golfing, but I have played regularly since I was six or seven years old. I came to London about three years ago as club-maker to the Army and Navy Stores, and a short time after leaving the Stores I came to Romford; that would be about six months ago."

"Have you ever competed for the championship?"

"Oh, yes! in '94 at Sandwich, where I was ninth, and in '96 at Muirfield. I was fifth that time."

"Do you consider the Romford course a good one?"

"Indeed I do," he replied; "it is level, certainly, but a good sporting course, and as picturesque a one as you will find."

"To what do you attribute your victory," I asked.

"Well, I was in good form, especially in driving, for one thing; and then, of course, I knew the distances better than the others—that was an advantage—and I had no bad luck."

"Then there is an element of luck in golf?"

"Surely there is. If six of us who are as nearly as possible equal, say Vardon, Taylor, Sandy Herd, Ben Sayers, Jack White, and myself, were to play a match on a strange course, the man who had the best luck would probably win."

"And what about Vardon and Taylor?" I inquired.

"They are grand golfers both; anyone desiring to improve his play cannot do better than study their styles. They both possess in a marked degree the first requisite for success in golf, equability of temper and steadiness of play even under the most discouraging circumstances, and, of course, they are both first-rate in all departments of the game."

The Romford Golf Club is a young one, hardly three years old; but it is a sturdy infant, and under the able leadership of its energetic and popular captain, Mr. F. Green, J.P., and its secretary, Mr. W. H. Bose, it is going well and strong.

JAMES BRAID.
Photo by C. Hussey.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

SOME REFLECTIONS AND FACTS.

As the world grows older, and the ever-increasing "surplus population" continues to grow and spread, all sorts of panaceas are put forward by the garrulous and unpractical for the amelioration of our over-sufficiency. As far as men go, they generally find their feet, and South Africa will



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BLUE VELVET AND SATIN HAT, MUFF, AND RUFFLE.

make a capital outlet for another century or so. But the girls, and primarily and particularly the London girls—what to do with and where to place them is the increasing crux of this over-stocked moment, and unless a few more newspapers are started, or another handful of theatrical ventures put forward, we may shortly look for a permanent block of the shrieking unannexed ones in Trafalgar Square or thereabouts. Not but that the present general subversion of all social laws has more than a little to do with this over-supply in all departments of the Eternal Feminine in our too independent and aspiring nowadays. With the death of all feudal feeling, contentment has also gone by, and your sleek, well-fed housemaid absolutely yearns for the freedom of the often dinnerless stitcher or ballet-girl, because service, forsooth, galls her Board School-formed mind. A little learning is truly dangerous nourishment for the masses. That class which supplied our faithful cooks and waiting-maids of generations gone now mainly furnishes forth soaring supers, even evening half-penny correspondents—save the mark!—and like ornaments of other gentle professions. I myself once had a cook whose pastry and soufflés were gradually suffering in quality through her increasing devotion to penny awfuls, and on being asked the thusness of such deterioration, she revealed that, writing being her only joy, she had despatched a love-tale to Fleet Street, which had doubtless occupied the time and thoughts otherwise given to my suffering menus. So it actually comes to this, that we have begun to qualify as *chefs* and nurses, while our hereditary servitors pose before footlight, behind counter, bar, or other such state of cheap freedom. I wonder, by the way, why women do not take up cab-driving. I do not think that "strikes," for obvious reasons, need ever take us unawares, if the sex once took up whip and ribbons; and with a neat uniform, unimpeachable cabs, and the necessary driver's certificate, it seems to me a very good thing could be made out of it. Meanwhile, this is a long aside from the fashion subject, with a dozen new modes clamouring, too, for recognition. Now, of all the left-over items of our last year's wardrobes nothing is so branded with that aspect as the once-cherished sable tail necklet, the last and newest being set forth with such countless tails, no less in front than at sides, that one wonders where all these furry extremities came from, or if other animals have begun to emulate in the matter of tails that famous "cat" once so popular in our United Services. Immense "granny" muffs, both in fur or velvet-fur and lace, are more generally adopted among smart women than the smaller sizes. One of

these gigantic reproductions of a quaint old fashion included in a recent trousseau was made entirely of tiny sable paws, and cost ninety guineas. I think this hat of gathered blue velvet and satin, with muff and ruffle to match, sketched this week at Kate Reily's, will give my readers a slight idea of some among many daintinesses to be seen at Dover Street. The hat, with its *cache-peigne* of chrysanthemums, is *en suite* with a muff in similar shade of deep-sapphire miroir-velvet lined with mauve and tricked forth with fine lace and sable tails. The collarette in this new combination of colour fastens most becomingly under the chin with a bunch of mauve and pink chrysanthemums, also flanked by lace and sable. A magnificent coat-shaped cloak of sapphire velvet, with square yoke-collar of sable paws and outlined seams of narrow cut jet, was also on view—the ideal wrap to go with these prettinesses aforesaid.

In millinery methods Kate Reily, indeed, admits of no competition this season, one hat after another being impressed with the indescribable *chic* and charm which mark all her creations. This wide boat-shaped hat of white felt, for instance, with upstanding brush osprey and long black feathers admirably placed at each side, is equally fascinating on the head or off. And a straight-brimmed felt, in soft, dull cerise, with skilful folds of silk in three shades of graduated reds, was another *chef d'œuvre* among gay groups of newly arrived "models" from Paris. The short cape, which has come into such fashionable regard, was admirably represented in fine seal, with a very high collar and wide revers of chinchilla, at Kate Reily's. Nor do I think a more apparently irreconcilable but actually becoming duet of furs was ever accomplished than this same combination of brown seal and the soft, delicate grey of chinchilla. Some very jaunty shirts of silk, velvet, or flannel attracted my attention here also, with the newest adaptation of turned-down collar and ribbon cravats tied *à la Française*, which make the jauntiest possible form of morning get-up.

Instead of the ordinary belt and buckle which acts as modern substitute for the zone of Venus, a new combination sash and waistband has been introduced, with excellent effect, for smart indoor- and afternoon-gowns. The folded waistband of black satin or velvet, through which a steel and paste or other fancy buckle is drawn in front, fastens at one side under a full bow, from which hang long ends embroidered and fringed. These sash-waistbands, in any colour, and worked in beads to match the gown, are sold at Redmayne's for something under a guinea each, and, in white satin, with turquoise- or pearl-studded ends for evening-dress, are particularly becoming to the figure.

Orange, although not a colour particularly becoming to either fair- or dark-complexioned women, whatever legends obtain to the contrary, is distinctly and decidedly in fashion for winter ball-gowns. Admixed with yellow and sparingly used, it, however, becomes an important factor in the *chic* of such garments, as anyone having seen that yellow frock at Kate Reily's, described two weeks since in these pages, will readily admit. Another beautiful dress of this modish colour is covered with fine ivory point d'esprit, which most successfully tones down its fiery ardour. A border of black velvet pansies, with diamond centres, goes



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A BOAT-SHAPED HAT.

round neck, sleeves, and edge of skirt, which, with a black brush aigrette and diamond cluster in the hair, together with black shoes, gloves, and feather fan, completes a striking yet harmonious costume.

The problem of how to be smart yet comfortable in cold weather,

like that other of "how to be happy though married," is one which still vexes the feminine intelligence, although the former riddle is decidedly easier to deal with. Graham and Son, of Mount Street, by the introduction of their inimitable "Plissé silk" have certainly tended to its satisfactory elucidation. A more delightful material, combining the graces of silk with the warmth and lightness of pure wool, has never been invented. Three-fourths of Princess Charles' smart under-skirts, dressing-gowns, and etceteras variously, were made up of Plissé silk, which, while rich enough to be converted into tea-gowns and opera-wraps, is yet adaptable to much more simple and intimate uses. I recommend all women at the moment engaged in that pleasing pastime of wardrobe overhauling to visit Graham's without delay, for two thousand yards of this fascinating fabric are, through a happy accident of some sort, available at half-price. Instead of 17s. 6d., one pays 11s. a-yard, and for 21s., 13s. or thereabouts. So on through a gamut of varying reductions. The loveliest tones and colours tempt eye and purse to purchase, and, in a word, for forthcoming trousseaux this opportunity is a particularly happy one.

SYBIL.

FASHIONS AT THE THEATRES.

The hypnotised heroine of the new Royalty piece, in the charming person of Miss Ellis Jeffreys, is one of the most talked-about people of the day; consequently, a reflected glory is attached even to her clothes, though, indeed, they are quite smart enough to be worthy of notice on their own account.

She first wears a dinner-gown which is quite charming, the perfectly hanging skirt of black satin lined with vividly beautiful turquoise-blue silk, while the bodice is arranged with a berthe drapery of white chiffon and lace, powdered with silver paillettes and tiny diamonds. The sleeves are a baggy combination of up-to-dateness and prettiness, fashioned, as they are, of the transparent lace outlining the arm tightly from shoulder to wrist, and all a-glitter with a shower of diamonds, but mercifully boasting of a cleverly wired butterfly-bow effect, which gives the breadth for which we crave to the shoulders.

Finally a deep ceinture is simulated by four rows of flashing brilliants, and so there another triumph of smart simplicity is achieved.

In the next act, when the injured wife prepares to leave the house, she dons a delightful little cape, all foamy frills of black chiffon over white, and a jet toque set round with exquisitely shaded pansies.

And yet a mere man has so little consideration for these pretty things that he stuffs the one under the settee, and crams the other into the coal-box. It is a merciful dispensation that their wearer should be unconscious meanwhile.

Miss Jeffreys' last dress is equally charming. It has a skirt of the palest pink alpaca, bound at the hem with black velvet, and lined with deeply rosy pink. It is, moreover, wedded to a bodice covered with lace, and crossed by scarves of pink silk spotted with black, and edged with rufflings of fine lace, these scarves being fastened at either side of the waist with steel buckles. Here, again, the sleeves are quite tight and plain, but the relieving shoulder-frills are also *en évidence*—three of them, and each one edged with lace.

And the scene is just as charming as the dresses—a drawing-room where the long French windows overlook the river, and where, on a frieze of tender green, softly coloured roses trail along, and, now and again, trespass on to the equally delicate yellow of the paper beneath. On the ivory-white of the overmantel many quaint little blue vases are set out, filled with pink carnations and roses; indeed, there are flowers everywhere, massed together in the jars or blossoming out in graceful ribbon-entwined baskets. The settee and a great cosy chair are gay in shining white chintz, patterned with mauve and pink flowers, and even the lamp-shade is a thing of beauty, and also, incidentally, of yellow silk and chiffon sprinkled with violets.

In fact, there are endless evidences of Mrs. Alexander's personal arrangement, and that is only another way of saying that everything is quite perfect. She has been busy at the St. James's, too, for the new Madame de Mauban—Miss Fay Davis—has had to have new gowns thought out. The one in which she visits the King, in the third act, is typical of the latest and smartest modes. The skirt, of brown moiré, is quite plain, for, as I mentioned before, actresses very wisely seem to be passing the ungraceful trimmed skirt by on the other side; but the bodice is very elaborate. It is of velvet, in a darker shade of the same colour, and is, if I may venture to so call it, a three-decked bolero, trimmed with an edging of gold and silver gimp studded with silver paillettes and tiny green stones, too soft in colouring to emulate the emerald. In spite of its triple character, it is quite short, for it has to display the full depth of a black satin ceinture, which holds in the fulness of a vest of biscuit-coloured chiffon, all this soft colouring being relieved by a cluster of mauve azaleas.

And then there are the velvet sleeves, uncompromisingly tight and plain—a genuine coat-sleeve, in fact, with only two great loops of broad black satin ribbon to fall from the shoulders and give some slight relief. Altogether it is a wonderfully smart gown, and it is worthily completed by a jet toque, encircled by velvet pansies, which shade from palest mauve to deepest violet.

For the forest-scene Miss Davis has a gown of heliotrope and blue shot silk, patterned with a little satin leaf. Here the sleeves indulge in a modest-sized puff, which terminates, however, at the elbow with a turned-back cuff of deep mauve velvet embroidered with iridescent beads, and then the velvet fashions the quaintly shaped bolero, which opens

with pleated frills of the silk over a vest of white lisse appliqué with lace. Miss Davis wears a decidedly *chic* toque of black straw, bordered with a ruching of white chiffon and with white satin ribbon drawn round the somewhat high crown and fastened with a diamond buckle, while three white tips at one side and a cluster of white poppies at the other complete the trimming.

That glorious golden-yellow cloak, with its Oriental design, is now replaced by an equally beautiful garment of apricot-coloured velvet, its huge revers and deep cuffs covered with handsome lace and outlined with dark fur, while a full jabot of lace finishes it at the throat. Its shape is to be greatly commended on account of its grace and smartness, the figure being closely outlined at the sides, while the front is double-breasted and the back falls in Watteau pleats.

In the Coronation Scene I notice Miss Julie Opp is now wearing a gown of black satin and jet-embroidered net, and a train of white satin,



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MISS FAY DAVIS AS ANTOINETTE DE MAUBAN AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

striped broadly with black. She is a grandly beautiful woman, and in the forthcoming production of "As You Like It" she will take the part of Hymen in the masque, wearing robes shading from palest primrose to deepest orange, and with the red roses of love twined round her hair and on her wand.

And this will only be one of nearly a hundred exquisite costumes to which I shall hope soon to introduce you.

FLORENCE.

In the new *Yellow Book* there is a noticeable article on the Italian poet and romanticist Gabriele d'Annunzio, by Mr. Eugene Benson. D'Annunzio, as a poet, is very little known in England, because we take leave to know only such poetry as has been familiar to us since childhood, or such as is boomed by our own newspapers. It is a pity in this particular case, for the Italian is a singer of rare charm and sweetness, influenced greatly, too, by our own singers, if that be an additional recommendation. As a novelist he is little known, and, perhaps, for a better reason. Insular prejudices and prudery quite apart, it is permissible to dislike his work, which is as brutal as it is subtle. His delicacy seems to leave him when he writes in prose. And this may well account for his not having been translated into English. But he must be read by such as would know how the modern spirit works in Italy, and some notion of his environment, his point of view, his own standard, is advisable that he may be read with justice and intelligence. Mr. Benson's paper, which is not all praise, gives this admirably.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Nov. 11.

THE ACCOUNT.

As might have been expected, the effects of dearer money continue to influence adversely the prices of investment securities. Although Consols have only suffered practically during the past Account, the Making-up prices of the stocks which settle fortnightly disclose a pretty heavy depreciation in some of the other gilt-edged securities. With the



STARTING ON A PROSPECTING EXPEDITION IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

exception of a rise of $3\frac{1}{2}$ points in Victoria Inscribed (January and July), there is a decline all round in Colonial Government stocks, varying from $2\frac{1}{2}$ points downwards. Foreign stocks have also fallen away, the heaviest depreciation occurring in the Chinese Six per Cent. Gold Loan of 1895, which is no less than 10 points lower. Brazilian $4\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Gold of 1879, and Norwegian $3\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent., are each 4 points down, while there are several other declines of 2 and 3 points. The Argentine descriptions, however, are slightly better. Home Rails are somewhat irregular, although the rises preponderate. North British Ordinary and North-Eastern are both $3\frac{1}{2}$ higher, but Metropolitan District have declined $2\frac{1}{2}$. Indian Railways are lower all round, a somewhat serious fall of 6 points having taken place in Great Indian Peninsula Debentures. Despite the disturbing influences at work in the United States, both political and currency, American Rails show a substantial rise all round. Foreign Rails are lower on balance, while Commercial and Industrials have been irregular in their movements. With the exception of a rise of $6\frac{1}{4}$ in Coats' Ordinary, there is nothing which calls for special comment in this department.

The prices in the Mining Market continue their downward course, and although the depreciation in most cases has not been very heavy during the Account just settled, yet, when it is considered that it has been going on steadily since the middle of May last, it must necessarily be a serious task for "bulls" to keep meeting their differences. Some considerable difficulty was experienced in connection with the Making-up prices, owing to the new departure made by the Stock Exchange. It has been decided to issue the prices under the official sanction of the "House," but unless the business can be carried out more effectively than it was done last Account, the quicker they revert to the old system of allowing Messrs. F. C. Mathieson and Sons to do it, the better it will be for all concerned. The preparations were totally inadequate. A few copies of the List were posted up in the Settling-room, but it was impossible for all the members, owing to the great crowd, to obtain the information which they contained. It is hoped that ere another Settlement comes round a more practical arrangement will be introduced. Turning to the movements in prices, although the falls are general, there is nothing of an exceptional nature to place on record. In the South African department, Crown Deep, Robinson Bank, Robinson Deep, Ramage Syndicate, and Rose Deep are all $\frac{3}{4}$ lower; while Consolidated Deep Level, Ferreira, Jubilee, and Nourse Deep have lost $\frac{1}{2}$ each. There has been a general decline in the Westralian Market, but, with the exception of a fall of 1 point in Hit or Miss, it has not been very pronounced. In the Miscellaneous section there is nothing which calls for special comment, the rises and falls being pretty equally balanced. It is unfortunate that since the Make-up took place the slump has become even more pronounced.

THE KAFFIR POSITION.

It seems that we took a too sanguine view of the position in the Kaffir Market last week. At the moment of writing the heavy selling which had been going on appeared to have stopped; but hardly was the printer's ink dry upon our copy before it began again with renewed energy, and, backed by a wild crop of rumours about Mr. Alfred Beit retiring from his firm, the declaration of Transvaal independence and the like, the market broke again even more hopelessly than before. It is probable that Mr. McKinley's election to the Presidency of the United States will be an accomplished fact before our issue of Nov. 4 is in the hands of our readers, and that the end of the month Settlement in

Paris will to a great extent have been carried through. Should the Republican victory be a "bumper," and Paris difficulties turn out, as usual, greatly exaggerated, we think the advice we gave last week may be accepted with even more probability of proving correct than when we wrote it originally.

RIO TINTO.

We gave the tip to buy Rio Tinto shares in our issue of Oct. 14, and have been reproached by sundry correspondents because it has not come off. In view of the general fall of mining shares, and the way Paris controls the Tinto market, the fact that these shares are now above the then price speaks volumes for our information. We still advise purchase, especially as, with the dividend off, the shares will look doubly cheap.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

In accordance with our promise, we are able this week to give our correspondent's first letter on Hannan's Goldfield, which will be followed in our next issue by a list of the principal mines, and an opinion upon each. In the present undeveloped state of the goldfield, we can do no more to clear up the position. Those readers who understand the first principles of mining, will realise the difficulties of forming a reliable opinion on the prospects of individual mines whilst in so undeveloped a state.

HANNAN'S.

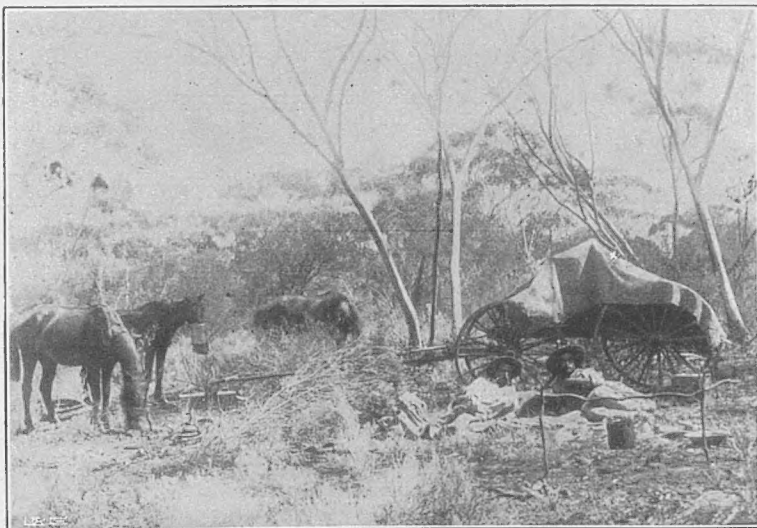
Comic papers in the eastern colonies make fun of Hannan's, and pictures of a huge promoter's claw stretching in all directions appear, labelled "Hannan's Main Lode." This very remarkable Main Lode goes, according to the jealous eastern papers, everywhere. No claim is without a lode. Now I have not the smallest desire to puff Hannan's, but the gibes of the T'other-siders fall a little flat; because, peg where you will at Hannan's, you can hardly fail to hit something. The field is some ten miles long and four miles wide, and appears to be one huge mass of quartz veins, leaders, or stringers. These may vary in richness, but they nearly all carry gold. They may be thick or thin, but they never seem barren.

They are so numerous that the whole ground is permeated with the gold they carry. This distribution of gold through the country rock may not, and, as far as is known, does not, go below the range of decomposition. As soon as the hard rock is met with, the gold is confined to the quartz veins. But the decomposition at Hannan's is more or less constant down to 200 ft., and few of the Kalgoolie miners have had the courage to sink below this point. At Hannan's Reward they are down in hard "diorite" 320 feet or more, and the many stringers, which made the reputation of the Reward claim in the early days, seem to have come together into one big lode, which carries both free gold and gold in the pyrites. This is very delightful, but I should be better pleased if I saw signs of courage on the part of more mine-managers. Kaufman (whose likeness appeared in *The Sketch*, by-the-bye, a few months ago) is sinking as hard as he can at the Lake View, and says he will find out if his mine has any bottom to it. He is probably the shrewdest man in Western Australia, and I predict that he will eat up most of his competitors.

I am not in love with the business ability displayed by most of the representatives of English capital out here. They appear to confine their attentions to buying poor prospects and muddling away the working capital in developing them the wrong way. The method is very simple. The prospectors find a claim and a patch of gold. They do not disturb the patch; it is necessary to have something to show if you want to sell a mine—our morality is, so far, beyond reproach. The local people find the money, and they sell the option to someone else. In process of time the property reaches Perth or Coolgardie and is offered all round. Those who buy in Perth for the London market look mainly at the condition of the investor—whether he be gorged or hungry; if on the feed, they buy freely and recklessly.

If the British digestion is dyspeptic, prices are cut down. The prospector and his huge army of agents, sub-agents, and friends, all of whom must have their picking, are obliged to take less cash and fewer shares. There is seldom any trouble over the reports; an expert, however honest, can only report upon what he sees; if he sees gold and his assays are good, his report is good. The actual value of a prospect is of but the minutest importance: whether it will "go" is the only thing looked at in Western Australia. This is, of course, the history of all new fields. Western Australia is only going through the same process as South Africa, Victoria, and California. That the process will be a most painful one for the investor there can be no manner of doubt. That Western Australia will come out all right in the end is almost equally certain.

But we must wait—and Hannan's is waiting—for water; practically no crushing on a large scale can be done till the Government scheme is through, and this will be in three years' time! In the meanwhile it is useless to disguise the fact that those mines which are crushing are putting the best stone through the mill. I consider the Boulder one of the best mines I have seen here; but the Boulder is only crushing from the 50 and 200 feet levels, the other levels being too poor. Brownhill,



CAMPED FOR BREAKFAST.

poor Brownhill, with its wretched dry-crusher, fit only for the scrap-heap, is straining every nerve to keep up its ridiculous record. Ivanhoe is compelled, with its tiny mill, to choose its ores most carefully. Boulder Main Reef is using the Leviathan battery—an antiquated Colonial stamper, which must lose 50 per cent. of the gold.

North Boulder has its Huntingdon running, but I am quite sure this style of mill is utterly unsuited to the mine. It may be able to handle the decomposed quartz down to 200 feet. Of this I am, however, doubtful; but that it will tackle the hard rock which will be met with at lower depths is almost an impossibility. The Hainault has put the cart before the horse in the usual style, and has enough machinery on the ground to delight the heart of the most reckless board ever elected to mismanage a mine; but unluckily the Hainault is only a prospect, and will take eighteen months' hard work before they can in reality get returns.

Muddle and mismanagement are the main mottoes at Hannan's. London directors, who don't know a "drive" from a "winze," are trying to make dividends by the simple process of ordering machinery.

Half the mine-managers at Hannan's know little or nothing about milling; most of them have been working miners in other Colonies, and are honest and capable men, but quite unable to tackle the awkward problems presented by fine gold held in talcose schist. The Lake View South machinery is, in my opinion, quite unequal to the task of making this really fine mine pay, and the row with Lane has been fortunate, because it has given the directors an excuse for not crushing with the wretched old mill that they bought from him. The Mount Charlotte tried a marvellous patent dry-blower, but the dry-blower is now nesting in its tin house. There is only one way to make a mine pay either here or anywhere else, and that is to buy the best machinery money can purchase. Even a Fraser and Chalmers' battery is, however, useless without a competent millman, and these in Western Australia are almost as rare as good batteries. But there are plenty in the States, and no London board should ever send out machinery without having first engaged a Yankee millman. All this costs money, but the first cost is nothing compared with the advantage. A bad mill, with a fool to run it, may be cheap, but it will not extract the gold, and I presume that most directors want a good crushing sometimes. There is plenty of gold in the Hannan's field, but few are those who have gone the right way to get it.

I would not condemn any of the mines hastily. I have seen even the most unpromising lizard paddocks turn out to be good reefing country. Almost all the properties floated in London at reasonable capitals might pay to work if they had water, cheap labour, and good mills. There is much talk of the great main lodes, but no one knows how many lodes there are at Hannan's, or what they contain. The Associated appear to me to possess the pick of the basket, for all their claims have at least reefs. As for the Associated Southern I can say nothing. Time was when the South blocks down by the Lake were looked upon as hopeless, but now opinion is changing, and many good judges think that reefs will be found in this hard country. But they will cost more to mine than the Northern blocks, and sinking in hard "diorite" is dreadfully expensive in this land of hammer and gad, where it takes good miners to get through the tight country, and good miners are scarce indeed. Rock-drills are practically unknown in West Australia.

THE BOVRIL DEAL.

The new company to take over this business, which Mr. Hooley has purchased, as detailed in our last week's "Notes," will be issued about Nov. 20 next, and, unless we are mistaken, it will have a capital of £2,000,000, divided into preference and ordinary shares, together with a debenture issue of £500,000. The present chairman and vice-chairman will retain their seats, but the board will be strengthened by the addition of two very important business men, whose names, although known to us, cannot be mentioned at the moment. We may say, however, that they are connected with two well-known and successful companies, and their names will—when we are allowed to state them—be universally admitted to add enormous prestige and strength to the new concern. It is said that the old shareholders are largely exercising their option of taking a portion of their money in new shares.

THE LEAMINGTON CYCLE COMPANY, LIMITED.

This company, about which we wrote very strongly at the time of its flotation, has held its statutory meeting, and we confess we never before so much appreciated the use of this institution, which the Legislature is said to have invented for the protection of shareholders. The fact that the London businesses which were to be purchased have, for lack of money, been left out, is very serious, and we without hesitation say that, in our opinion, any applicant for shares is entitled to repudiate his bargain, and to demand the return of his money. Should any of our readers be among the unfortunates who are called shareholders, we urge them, without delay, to communicate with us, and we will do our best to save them from loss. For the recovery of the money already paid and a repudiation of the position as a shareholder, time is all-important, and any delay now would prevent successful action.

THE BAGOT TYRE COMPANY.

The "bears'" tails are getting twisted in this company's shares with a vengeance. It is said that the public subscription amounted to about £6000, and that one or two people who supposed themselves safe for allotments, and therefore sold beforehand, have got letters of regret; hence these tears. Even the names are common talk. If any readers are allottees, they had better take their profit quickly, or it may disappear.

THE "INVESTOR'S REVIEW."

As usual, the November number of Mr. Wilson's periodical is a strange jumble of useful information and silly temper. Nothing could be better than the article on Barnato finance, which is a perfect model of how such a subject should be handled, but the number is disfigured by a personal attack on Mr. Cecil Rhodes, not only calculated to defeat the very object with which it is written, but couched in language which in places would disgrace a gutter rag. Our readers know we do not love the Rhodes-Rudd gang, about whose doings we have over and over again spoken the plain, unvarnished truth; but to call Mr. Rhodes a "coward" and a scoundrel for going back to Africa and risking his life in putting down the Matabele revolt—when Mr. Chamberlain told him that his

proper place was there—is too foolish. For cheap vulgarity devoid of wit, Mr. A. J. Wilson's description of Mr. Rhodes as "a base fellow with a hang-dog look and a calculating eye" probably beats the record. When will this raw-boned Scotch editor fellow realise that such language lowers the tone of English journalism?

Saturday, Oct. 31, 1896.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KAIKOURA.—We advise you strongly to have no dealings with either firm. We have made inquiries as to the second firm on your list in America, with very unsatisfactory results.

A. C. B.—Your letter has been passed on to the Editor. What have we to do with "Badger"? Bulls and bears are far more in our line.

HOMELEIGH.—We fear both your mines are of the wild-cat order. The price is so low now that you may as well continue the gamble.

J. H. C.—(1 and 2) We don't advise it. (3) This is a good industrial concern into which we tried to push our readers at lower prices. The capital is chiefly represented by patents, and we see no prospect of a big rise; but the business is flourishing.

CHESHAM.—We should hold Rover cycles and French Dunlops, also Pearson's preference shares. As to the other two, take any reasonable profit in either case. We cannot read your nom-de-guerre, but hope you will recognise this answer.

PERAMBULATOR.—(1) We have no special information, but if the investment were our own we should realise and have a gamble in something more active. (2) If you want Harmsworth Brothers to pay you 5 per cent. with reasonable certainty, you can sleep in comfort.

J. C. G.—We advise you to put all circulars such as you sent us into the wastepaper-basket unread.

ZERO.—We will try to send you a prospectus, so that you may be in time for the *Lady's Pictorial* issue. At any rate, you shall have an application-form and preliminary notice. You live so far away that we do not wonder you are generally too late for the fair.

HARRY.—(1) Apply for twenty preference shares in the *Lady's Pictorial* Company, which will be out at the end of next week, on a *Sketch* correspondent's form, which we will send you. (2) Tintos are worth buying. (3) Hold both Humber pref. and Town Properties of Western Australia, if good interest is what you want, or sell the first and put the money into Swift ordinary shares. (4) We have no faith in it.

F. T.—We will let you know in our next issue.

DUBIOUS.—We should think the prospectus you send us was of a concern with which you had far better have no dealings. We never read a more suspicious document.

COLUMBIA.—Our experience of giving workmen a decrease of hours, does not lead us to expect that the Tramway Company will in the long run suffer. The price is about 17½. The market knows nothing of the British Columbia Mining Company mentioned by you.

W. W.—It appears, from the circular you send us, that you will get your original shares back on the liquidation, or, if you prefer it, they will be sold for you. We cannot see that you have anything to complain of.

IXION.—Thanks for your kind remarks. The Mount Margaret tip certainly came off very quickly—more quickly than we even hoped.

VICTIM.—See this week's "Notes." If the remarks we have felt called on to make produce letters from other correspondents, we will try and arrange for concerted action.

COPPER.—See this week's "Notes." The Tinto tip will come off the moment Paris stops selling everything to pay differences in South Africans. Buy a few more if they drop below 24.

UNRAVEL.—We do not think Turkish Government finances have any real bearing on the value of these bonds, but we are not experts in such things. Write to Messrs. Nathan Keizer and Co., 2, Cowper's Court, Cornhill; they will tell you exactly how the matter stands.

INCOGNITO.—(1) We really do not know whether the rumour is true or not. (2) We have a supreme disbelief in any company which Mr. Harry Lawson controls, and we should sell. We may be prejudiced, but we don't believe in motor-carriages as at present produced, and expect the shares will be worth nothing before long.

TIGHNALEIGH.—You need not put any store by yarns in gutter-rag journals, such as you send us a cutting from. The brewery has certainly a very large debenture debt, but the rate of interest is low, and if the money has been expended in judicious purchases of public-houses, it ought to make the dividends on the ordinary shares larger. The price of malt and hops is the thing to be most afraid of. We should hold.

R. B.—(1) Very speculative. (2) Hold. (3) We should sell; but the price is very likely to go higher. (4) No information. (5 and 6) The African Market is too disturbed for us to give an opinion with confidence. Do you want to invest or gamble? (7) Sell on any little rise. You will notice that one day these shares are up, and the next down a pound or two; choose a day when they are up.

NOTE.—We have been inundated with letters asking for prospectuses of the *Lady's Pictorial* issue. These will be attended to in due time. A preliminary notice of the company will be made a supplement to the issues of the *Illustrated London News*, *Lady's Pictorial*, and the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* of Nov. 7, and a full prospectus will be made a supplement to the issue of *The Sketch* of Nov. 11.